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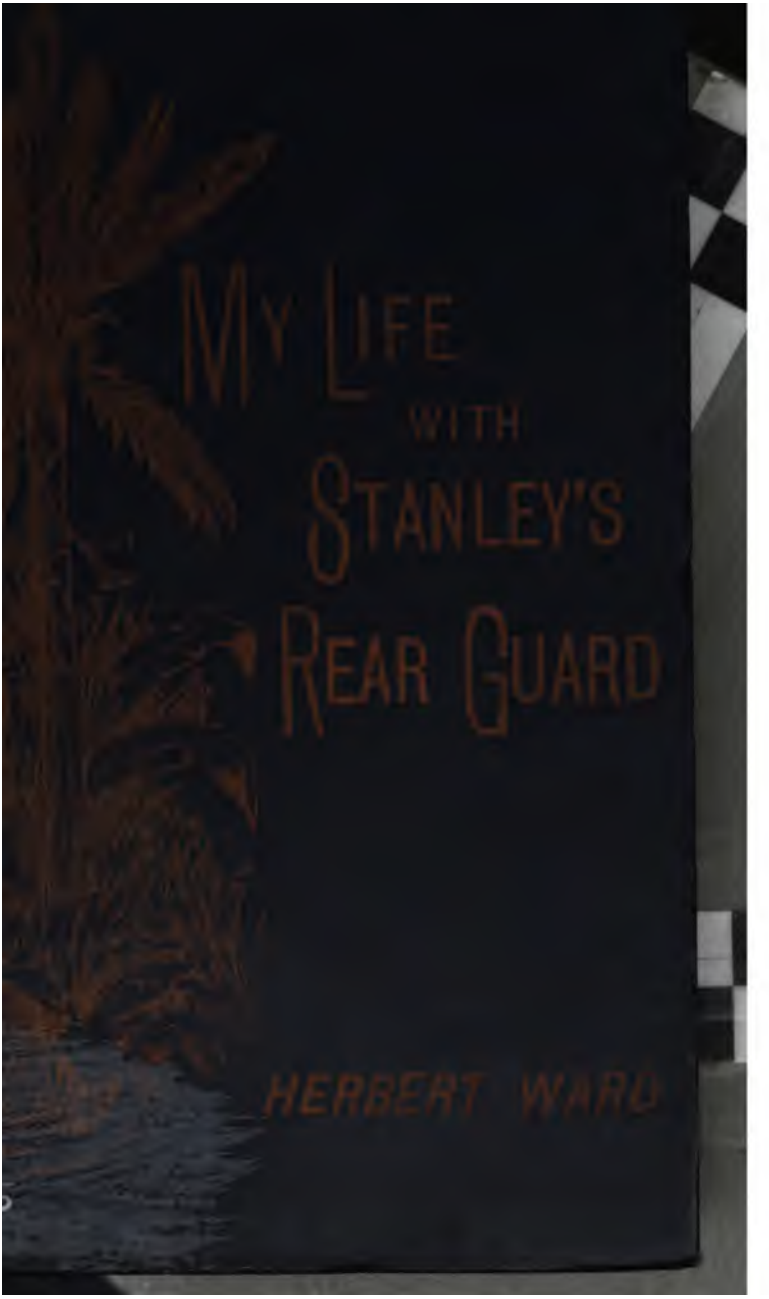
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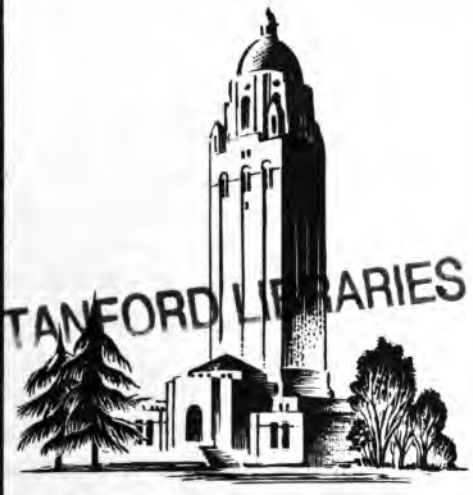

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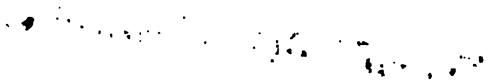

MY LIFE

WITH

STANLEY'S REAR GUARD

SECOND EDITION. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, 14s.

FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS.

By HERBERT WARD.

WITH 92 ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR, VICTOR PERARD, AND W. B. DAVIS.

'Comparisons are odious, but we are allowed our likes and dislikes; and I very much prefer "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals" to "In Darkest Africa." Mr. Ward tells his story in a simple, unaffected style; he indulges in no rhapsodies; he poses as neither prophet, martyr, nor saint. He has a quick eye; he seems fertile of resource; and pen and pencil are equally ready to answer to his call.'—LADY'S PICTORIAL.

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London: CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly.

MY LIFE

WITH

STANLEY'S REAR GUARD

BY

HERBERT WARD

AUTHOR OF 'FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS,' ETC.

WITH A MAP BY F. S. WELLER

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1891

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TO

SARITA

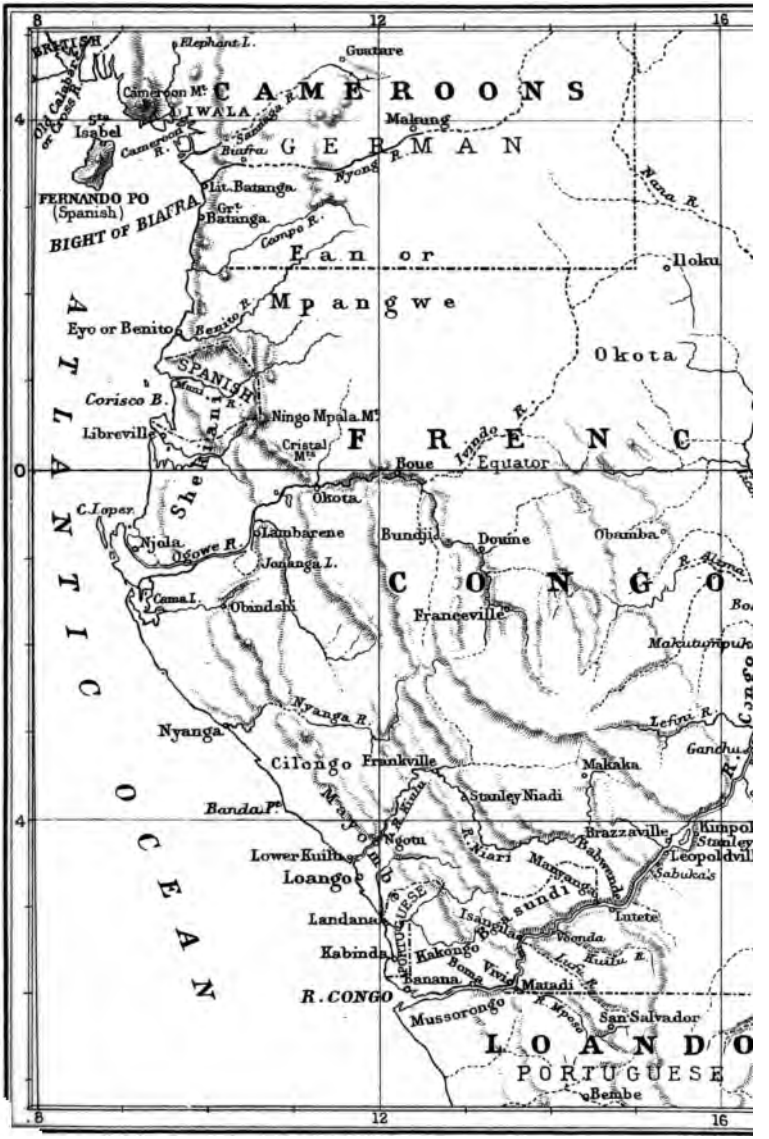
INTRODUCTION

In July last Mr. Stanley wrote to me privately, suggesting that I should write a little volume giving the story of my life with his Rear Guard. He further suggested that in this little book, I should deal with the different matters in dispute between us. The proposal at the time had no charm for me. I wished to avoid controversy altogether, and to be allowed to forget, as far as possible, all about my connection with the Emin Expedition. The Rear Guard was a failure; something could undoubtedly be said on all sides of the question, and it seemed to me that under all the circumstances, the subject had far better be left alone. This was my view of the matter, and this my reason for holding aloof from the controversy, as long as I could.

Much against my will, however, I have been dragged into the dispute; and, as there seems to be no help for it, I have decided to adopt Mr. Stanley's old hint, and publish what I know of the Rear Guard. It is not very much, after all: for I was hundreds of miles away when some of the incidents which have

most stirred the public mind are alleged to have happened. These matters, however, appear to me to be rather by the way, and altogether outside the vital point at issue between Mr. Stanley and his Rear Guard officers—*i.e.* the question as to where the responsibility really rests for our failure to move forward from Yambuya.

When I decided to write this book, it occurred to me that the best plan would be to give a picture of my life as it really was at Yambuya, avoiding all controversy in my narrative; and at the close to deal, in a calm and impartial way, with the different matters in dispute, as they affect myself. This is the course I have adopted. I hope it will prove acceptable. This story of mine is simply the outcome of a conscientious desire to tell the truth, with regard to matters, respecting which, too many misconceptions prevail. If it succeeds in bringing home to the minds of my countrymen some true idea of what our dangers, difficulties, and sufferings at Yambuya really were, and recalls attention to the only point upon which a fair and impartial judgment can be formed, I shall be content.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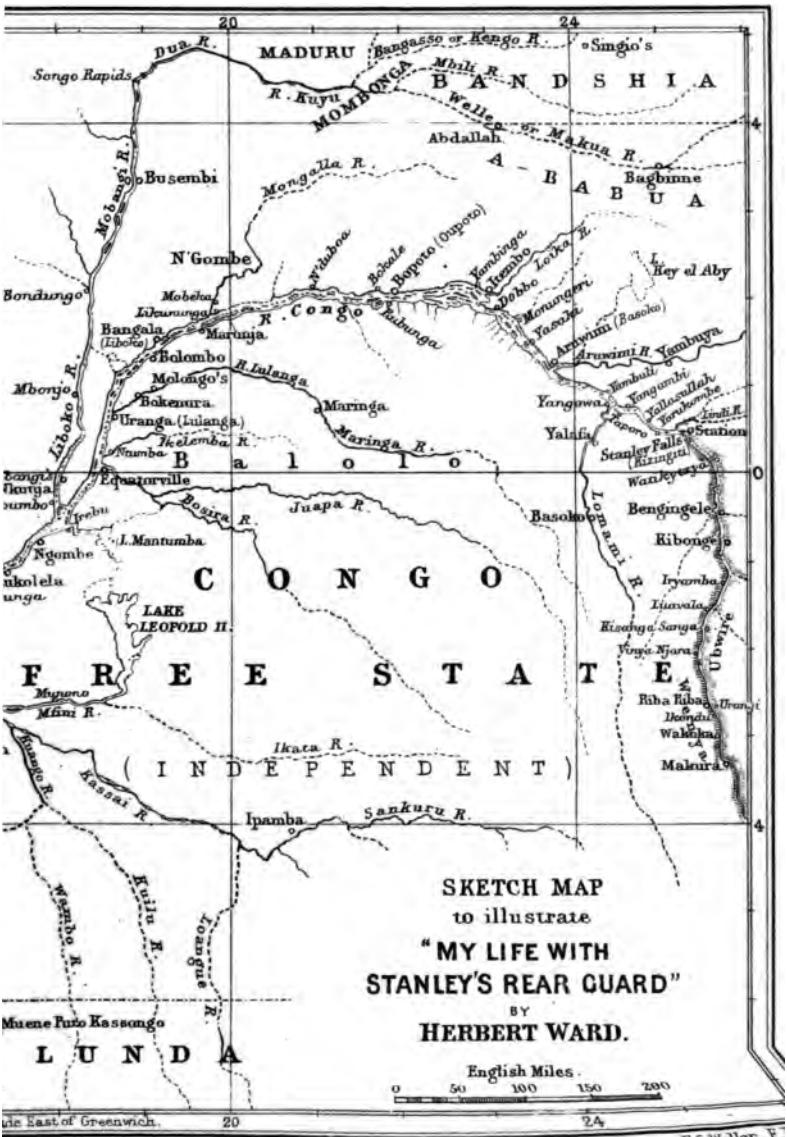
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Bangasso or Kengo R.
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Busembi
Mongalla R.
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Yambinga
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CONGO
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LAKE LEOPOLD II.
Kisanga Sanga
Yinga Njara
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FREE STATE
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Mini R.
Riba Riba
Ikaka R.
(INDEPENDENT)
Wakuka
Malura
Kassai R.
Ipamba
Sankuru R.
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to illustrate
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STANLEY'S REAR GUARD"
BY
HERBERT WARD.
Muene Puto Kassongo
LUNDA
English Miles.
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F.S.Weller

MY LIFE

WITH

STANLEY'S REAR GUARD

CHAPTER I

WEARY of African life, and worn by my ten years' wanderings in many lands, my thoughts turned homewards at the beginning of the year 1887, and I felt the old longings for a sight of English faces and English scenes once more. I had spent nearly three years on the Congo, during the greater portion of which time I had been in the service of the Belgian State, and the remainder with the Sanford Exploring Expedition. I thought I had had enough of Africa, for a time at least, and wanted to get away. The life had become monotonous to me; every tree and track on the whole Congo route was familiar; with native customs and languages I was well acquaint, and there seemed little, if anything, to tempt me to remain further.

I was not fated to return to England, however, just then. In the middle of my preparations for

departure, a chance meeting with an old friend and comrade in African work—Charles Ingham—led to a complete reversal of my thoughts and intentions.

Ingham, whom I happened to meet at Matadi, was acting at the moment as the advance agent of Mr. Stanley, in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. His mission was the employment of porters for the conveyance of the baggage of the Expedition up country, through the Cataract region. From him I learned for the first time of the presence of Mr. Stanley, once more, on African soil, and of the rescue he had undertaken. The news came to me as a startling surprise. Cut off as I had been from almost all civilised life, news of every kind of the doings of the outer world was to me as a closed book. The days came and went, and the weeks ran into months, as, pursuing the ordinary course of my life, I lived, careless of outside history and incident, happy and contented if only sufficient sport and adventure attended my frequent journeyings.

Ingham's tidings interested me strangely, and I questioned him in no little detail as to the ways and means of the whole proceeding, with which he was temporarily associated. I learnt from him at the start that his connection with the Expedition was only a temporary one. Pressed as he had been to give his services permanently, he had nevertheless *refused, preferring* to continue his work as a Mis-

sionary on the Lower Congo, to journeying into the unknown interior. He was not, however, without enthusiasm in regard to the matter, and from him I learned of the whole plan of operations. As I listened, my feelings rapidly underwent a change. Thoughts of home, and longings for rest, were all swept from my mind, and I became full of anxiety to form one of the band of travellers. The name of Stanley had always had a charm for me, and I had no greater regret than that my African experiences had not dated back a sufficiently long time to allow of my having been with the great explorer in his earlier days of travel and discovery.

As I say, I knew nothing of Emin Pasha, and truth compels me to confess that about him I cared not at all. Of his sufferings and trials, of his dangers and difficulties, I was in entire ignorance. Life with Stanley promised new experiences, unthought of adventures, and all those things which from my early days had appeared to my sporting mind to make life worth the living. For glory or profit I had no heed; but for sport and adventure I was keen and excited. I grew hopeful of achieving my purpose. I knew Stanley, and would not come to him as an entire stranger. Through his influence I had been first appointed to the Congo service. I did not, however, rest my hopes on this fact alone. The explorer, I knew, was a practical man, who leant more towards actions than words. With him there

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CHAPTER II

I HAD not been very long on the march when I met Stanley and his column. I have already described my first meeting with the Expedition, but as this little book will probably be read by many who will not have an opportunity of referring to my 'Five Years with the Congo Cannibals,' I make the following extract, from page 33 :—

'I had broken camp early one morning, and was marching rapidly along ahead of my caravan, when in the distance coming over the brow of a hill I saw a tall Soudanese soldier bearing Gordon Bennett's yacht flag. Behind him and astride of a fine henna-stained mule, whose silver-plated strappings shone in the morning sun, was Mr. Henry M. Stanley, attired in his famous African costume. Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants, Somalis with their curious braided waistcoats and white robes. Then came Zanzibaris with their blankets, water-bottles, ammunition belts and guns. Stalwart Soudanese soldiers with dark-hooded coats, their rifles on their backs, and innumerable straps and leather belts around their bodies; and

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Zanzibari porters bearing iron-bound boxes of ammunition, to which were fastened axes and shovels as well as their little bundles of clothing which were rolled up in coarse sandy-coloured blankets.

'Stanley saluted me very cordially and dismounted. "Take a seat," said he, with a wave of his hand, indicating the bare ground. We then squatted down, and he handed me a cigar from the silver case given him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the night before his departure.

'As concisely as possible I told him of my desire to join his Expedition, and after a few minutes' conversation Mr. Stanley told me he would accept me as a volunteer. He then expressed his surprise at my healthy appearance, considering that I had been so long in Africa. Having directed me to hurry on with my natives to Matadi, to bring up the loads, and as expeditiously as possible overtake him at Stanley Pool, where we should all embark together, we parted.

'Passing along I became further acquainted with the constitution of Stanley's great cavalcade. At one point a steel whale-boat was being carried in sections, suspended from poles which were each borne by four men; donkeys heavily laden with sacks of rice were next met with, and a little further on the women of Tippoo Tib's harem, their faces partly concealed, and their bodies draped in gaudily-covered cloths; then at intervals along the line of

march an English officer with whom, of course, I exchanged friendly salutations; then several large-horned East African goats, driven by saucy little Zanzibari boys. A short distance further on, an abrupt turn of the narrow footpath brought into view the dignified form of the renowned Tippoo Tib, as he strolled along majestically in his flowing Arab robes of dazzling whiteness, and carrying over his left shoulder a richly-decorated sabre, which was an emblem of office conferred on him by H.H. the Sultan of Zanzibar. Behind him at a respectful distance followed several Arab sheiks, whose bearing was quiet and dignified. In response to my salutation they bowed most gracefully.

'"Haijambo," said I.

'"Sijambo," they replied,

'"Khabari gani?" (what news?), I inquired.

'"Khabari njema" (good news), was the reply, and in that way I passed along the line of 700 men, in whose ranks were represented various types from all parts of eastern equatorial Africa, each wearing the distinguishing garb of his own country. All the costumes and accoutrements looked bright and gay, for the Expedition had disembarked but a few days previously. As the procession filed along the narrow, rugged path, it produced an effect no less brilliant than striking. Its unbroken line extended over a distance of probably four miles.'

My work at Matadi, for which point I made after

leaving Mr. Stanley, was soon completed, and the cases of ammunition, provisions, and camp requirements which awaited transmission were soon *en route* on the shoulders of the porters. From Matadi, in accordance with my instructions, I hurried on to Manyanga, where I arrived on April 16. Here I found J. Rose Troup, who had been an old comrade in the Congo service, and whose name is now so familiar to the public. With him I had to spend several days at Manyanga, owing to delay in the arrival of some of the carriers who had been despatched from Matadi. Neither of us relished the residence at Manyanga, but there was nothing for it but to wait. The place is a most unlovely spot, and of gruesome memory for the Congo traveller. For it was here that Stanley, when founding the Congo State in 1882, suffered one of his most severe attacks of fever, and approached so near to death that he gathered his companions round his bedside, to hear what he considered would be his last message. Luckily however for the causes of science and progress, the explorer was spared for later and more successful undertakings. It was with a feeling of relief that Troup and I were at last able to say good-bye to Manyanga.

By forced marches on foot, we hurried on in the track of the Expedition, which we found encamped round Mr. Greshoff's Dutch trading-station at Kinchassa. Shortly after our arrival, Mr. Stanley informed me that he wished me to accompany him

the following morning on board the 'Peace,' the steam-launch of the Baptist Mission, on which he was about to travel up the Congo. My kit, however, was away at Leopoldville, and unless I made up my mind to travel without any change of raiment whatever, I would have to get to Leopoldville and back in the few hours which intervened. I had tramped twenty-seven miles already that day, and it was with no light heart that I set out again. The distance back was some five miles or more, but to my weary soul it seemed double the length. I reached my scanty stock of ragged clothes eventually however, and having made the slight selection their condition permitted, got back to Kinchassa weary and footsore, with wet clothes and shivering limbs, about six o'clock in the morning, just in time to get on board the 'Peace.' My troubles with the Expedition had commenced.

All was bustle and animation at Kinchassa, and my companions, after a pleasant evening and good night's rest, were in the liveliest of spirits. Everything looked rosy and promising at this point, and the future, so far as we could see, held no promise of failure in store. As the different portions of the Expedition embarked, the scene was one of great enthusiasm, and cheers and hurrahs filled the air. The 'Henry Reed' took the lead with Tippoo Tib and his people, followed immediately afterwards by the steamer 'Stanley,' bearing the greater number of

the officers, and a large portion of the Zanzibaris, with the 'Florida' hulk alongside; while the 'Peace,' with Stanley and myself and the remainder of the Expedition on board, brought up the rear, with the attendant whale-boats. All went well with the 'Henry Reed' and the 'Stanley;' but matters on board the 'Peace,' where Mr. Stanley and I were, were anything but satisfactory. We had not been under way many minutes, when our tiller smashed under the strain of the very swift current through which we were steering, and for a short time things looked very black indeed. Of course our steering gear became utterly unmanageable, and, to make matters worse, we were being carried by the current right on to a rocky island. The anchors were put out immediately, but for a while they proved utterly useless. They suddenly caught, and in the spasmodic shock the little steamer almost heeled over. The moment was one of grave danger, but, strangely enough, not of undue excitement. Stanley, situated at the bow, with eye eagerly strained to catch the effects of our sudden stoppage, cried 'Look out!' in a way which put everyone on the *qui vive*. The trembling blacks watched and waited, but moved not; and after some little time we succeeded, though with great difficulty, in getting our little vessel from its perilous position. By the alternate working of our twin-screw arrangements we made sufficient headway to enable us to reach the station of the

Sanford Exploring Expedition, about half a mile from the point where our accident had happened. Here the remainder of that day and a portion of the next were occupied in repairing the damage done, and we then rejoined the 'Stanley' and 'Henry Reed,' which had been lying in wait for us at the head of Stanley Pool.

CHAPTER III

As we journeyed along *en route* for Bolobo, our next stopping-place, I had many talks with Mr. Stanley. It was then I became really informed as to the Expedition and its purport, and that I formally attached myself to the undertaking. My meeting with Mr. Stanley, described in the previous chapter, had been a very hurried affair, and as he was then anxious to press on, and equally desirous that his loads should follow quickly, he contented himself with a verbal arrangement, in accepting my services as a volunteer, without pay of any kind, as I had offered myself. Now, on board the 'Peace,' he went into the matter more fully, and obtained from me the written undertaking or contract which I quote:

'CONTRACT OF ENGAGEMENT FOR EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

'I, HERBERT E. WARD, agree to accompany the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and to place myself under the command of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the leader of the Expedition, and to accept any post or

position in that Expedition to which he may appoint me.

'I further agree to serve him loyally and devotedly; to obey all his orders; and follow him by whatsoever route he may choose; and to use my utmost endeavours to bring the Expedition to a successful issue.

'Should I leave the Expedition without his orders I agree to forfeit all claim to return-passage money.

'Mr. H. M. Stanley agrees to pay my return-passage to England, provided I continue during the whole period of the Expedition.

'I undertake not to publish anything connected with the Expedition, or to send any account to the newspapers for six months after the issue of the official publication of the Expedition by the leader or his representative.

'[*Signed*] HERBERT WARD.
'[*Countersigned*] HENRY M. STANLEY.

'Congo River, *May* 4, 1887.'

In the course of our interviews Stanley informed me of his intention to appoint me to the position of Executive Lieutenant in charge of his No. 1 Company of Zanzibaris. Subsequently, however, in the course of the arrangements in connection with the Bolobo Camp, I learned to my disgust that this plan had been changed, and that I was to be left behind at Bolobo in command of the camp there, with Bonny and 125 men. The decision was any-

thing but an agreeable one to me, but I had signed my contract! As Mr. Stanley represented the matter, it was desirable that some one should take charge at Bolobo who knew the country and could speak the language. The real reason, however, for my being left behind was, that some of my fellow officers had urged upon Mr. Stanley that it would be unfair to allow me to go ahead at the expense of any one of them being left, when they had journeyed with the Expedition from England, and I had only been 'picked up' by the way in Africa. There was a good deal of fairness in the argument, I admit, and it is with no idea of complaining that I refer to the matter; nevertheless it was an unlucky day for me when I was left at Bolobo, for in consequence of my stay there I was prevented getting to Yambuya in time to join Mr. Stanley, and so shut out from any part in the very doings of the Expedition to which I had looked forward when I joined.

Our camp at Bolobo consisted of 125 men, 'weakest in body,' to quote Mr. Stanley's phrase, with Bonny and myself as the only two whites. These 125 men had been selected by Mr. Stanley in order that they might be left behind for a twofold purpose: first, that they should recruit somewhat, and secondly, that they should make room for the men under command of Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke, who had journeyed overland from Stanley

Pool to Kwamouth, while we had been making our way by water. Bonny and I with the men had now to remain at Bolobo till the steamer 'Stanley' should go to Yambuya, discharge its present load there, return to Stanley Pool in order to take up Troup and the remainder of the baggage, and call for us on the way back. The time occupied by these movements would, we estimated, leave us at Bolobo for some eight or ten weeks. During this period all the work our men would have to do would be to collect wood-fuel for the 'Stanley' each day in the forest —a light and easy task, adapted to their somewhat delicate condition.

We made our camp on the site of the old station which Mr. Stanley has described in his 'Founding of the Congo' as having been established by him at this point, but of which scarcely any trace was now visible. Our stay was not altogether an unpleasant one, save for the unsatisfactory characteristics which attend all periods of waiting. Sport we had in plenty. The country is particularly fine and fertile, well wooded and watered, and abundantly supplied with all sorts of game—such as buffalos, elephants, hippopotami, and wild pig. My camp duties were of a purely nominal character, and my ample leisure was pretty well filled up with sketching and shooting. Bonny and I shot several hippopotami, the meat of which was much prized by our men. It figured constantly in their bill of fare, and when it became

unacceptable, it was always useful in exchange with the natives for other food.

One of those awkward incidents, so unavoidable when the white man has to deal in an executive capacity with the blacks, happened while we were leading this easy existence at Bolobo. As a result of the light work they had to perform, and the natural absence of rigid discipline, our men became lazy and neglectful of those formal duties which marked the opening and closing of each day's life in camp. In this respect some were more guilty than others—many of the men were a very bad lot indeed—and eventually it became necessary to put a stop to the demoralisation, which we found spreading day by day. I determined to make an example of one black—a regular scoundrel—who completely ignored orders, and altogether placed our authority at defiance. We found it utterly impossible to get him to attend morning parade, and so I gave him due notice one day that, if on the following morning he did not 'fall in' as ordered, he would receive the recognised form of Zanzibari punishment, in the shape of flogging.

The morning came, but not compliance with my orders on his part. I failed to find him during the day, but in the evening on his return to camp, I ordered that he should be seized and flogged. He was a desperate bully, and the men, filled with dread of him, made but a feeble attempt to carry out my

instructions. He shook them off. The moment was critical, and I realised that, if I was to maintain my authority, I should have to assert it with my own right arm. I went for him, as the phrase is, and we closed with one another, the men grouped around watching the result. The mutineer was possessed of a club, and had me manifestly at a disadvantage. In the fight which ensued, my foot caught in a tent-peg, and I fell back on the ground. I was at his mercy, when Bonny, rushing forward, clubbed the man with his musket, and he was secured as prisoner. My original instructions were subsequently carried out, and this mutinous spirit was quelled.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER we had spent about eight weeks at Bolobo, the 'Stanley' passed down the river on its way to Stanley Pool for Troup, and the Expedition stores that had been left in his charge; and the captain delivered to me the following letter from Mr. Stanley. I quote it as showing how matters stood at this juncture, and the position I occupied in the mind of my chief.

'Yambuya Camp, Upper Aruwimi.
'*June* 18, 1887.

'My dear Ward,—Within please find enclosed my letter to Troup, which after reading, close envelope, and seal it, with such other matter from yourself as the contents of my letter, and your own conditions, physical and financial, will suggest is necessary.

'The "Stanley" towing the "Florida," and governed by the speed of the "Peace" which was ahead, and showed the way, arrived at this camp from Bangala in fourteen days. If the "Stanley" tows only the large whale-boat, she will make the distance in twelve days easily.

'Therefore her time-table should be as follows:—

'Starting from Leopoldville, say July 5, or earlier if possible—

	To Bolobo	July 10,	5	days
Fuel ready at Bolobo.	To Lukolela	„ 13,	3	„
	To Equator	„ 16,	3	„
Halt half a day.	To Bangala	„ 20,	4	„
Halt half a day.	To Upoto	„ 25,	5	„
	To camp here	August 1,	7	„
			27	days

'The steamer leaves here to-morrow, or early on the 20th, loaded with fuel enough, I hope, to last her to Bolobo. I hope you have plenty for her to go at once down river, and you should have two days' fuel ready for her going up. If she has anything like an ordinarily quick journey, the "Stanley" ought to be at Leopoldville on the 1st or 2nd of July. Give her two days to cut fuel and clean up, she ought to start on July 4 or 5 with Troup.

'You should give the "Stanley" crew chop to go down to Leo and back to Bolobo if possible, if you can spare brass rods. As she has only twenty men, 200 rods for ten days will suffice. If you have goats send some down to Leo as a favour with your compliments; these little attentions will be repaid by prompt despatch of "Stanley" from Leo.

'Supposing "Stanley" wrecked on her way down to Leo, you have the "Florida," and Greshoff steamer, to fall back upon, which must be chartered at all costs, in that event, but not otherwise. I am promising a liberal money-present to both captain and engineer, if they hurry up here with the last contingent of men and goods.

'We found chop in plenty everywhere. We had

a regular system of work. As soon as the boats touched the bank, the wood-cutters and wood-gatherers began work, and if they were active they finished long before midnight. The great thing is to collect fuel and bring it to the landing-place for cutting. The long saws require sharpening by day ready for the excellent work of them by night. We bought goats from the mission Lukolela and from the Equator and Bangala, paying for them in rods. You can do likewise.

'We distributed ammunition to the people the night before reaching the Aruwimi river.

'I regret to inform you that Baruti, the black boy who was with me in England, deserted here the night before last, taking with him two Winchester rifles, my little pocket-revolver, and pedometer. With him went Mburra and Feruzi, boys belonging respectively to the captain and engineer of the "Stanley." They took with them a couple of Remingtons and ammunition-pouches. You will have fifty-three guns with you when you come up. If you had an interpreter—if he is a boy from Upper Congo, secure him—you might be able by menace to get those guns back. I do not care for the lads. Of course the natives will strenuously deny—they always do so—but it is an absolute certainty that the boys (four) took a canoe from our landing-place. A vast amount of circumstantial evidence proving this has been collected after their departure. Your people are not first class, yet, if these guns are not delivered, consult with Captain Schogestrom what you had best do. Do not act precipitately or rashly. Offer to purchase the guns for anything they need.

But do not land your people in the village, nor do not camp opposite. There is nice camping-ground above the Baroko village at the confluence of a creek. Put the creek between your camp and the natives. Keep a good look out, that is all.

'Give my compliments to Bonny, and believe me anxious for your early arrival here as my lieutenant.

'Yours, very sincerely,

(Signed) 'HENRY M. STANLEY.

'Herbert Ward, Esq.'

Troup and his numerous loads of ammunition, stores, cloth, beads, &c., having been taken on board, the 'Stanley' returned to Bolobo on July 10. We then broke up camp there, and embarking on the steamer, we all proceeded to Yambuya to join the Rear Guard. Eager and anxious as we were to greet our brother officers once more, we paid little heed to aught save the rapidity of our passage. There was not very much, indeed, to inspire us with enthusiasm as regards the country, or people, lying along our route. The scenery of the Aruwimi river up which we travelled, after leaving the Congo, though somewhat more varied than in the case of the other tributaries, was not in any sense remarkable; the forests lining the river exhibiting elements of past glory, rather than of present magnificence. As for the people, they were of too warlike a character to permit of any anxiety on our part for delay.

Our journey, however, was attended with a

mishap, which at one time assumed a very threatening aspect indeed. On July 14, when our vessel was steaming ahead at full speed, we were suddenly brought to a standstill with a violent shock. We struck something, felt ourselves thrown back, and then we stuck fast. A swift examination showed that we had run on a 'snag' or submerged tree-root which had caught us amidships. We tried to steam ahead, or to reverse our motion, but with no avail. We were on a pivot as it were, and could do nothing but swing round. Luckily for us, our ship's bottom continued watertight, and therefore a certain measure of safety was assured. We were, however, a good distance from shore, and in the midst of a very strong current. Providentially, as it were, some canoes now appeared in sight, and we succeeded in gaining the sympathy and co-operation of their occupants, but not without a good deal of difficulty. The natives having bargained with us, agreed to take our men ashore, while we endeavoured to put matters right on board. They left with the intention of returning immediately; but as they did not put in a speedy reappearance, I went ashore to hurry them up. I found it impossible to get them back as early as we had hoped, and, as it was now becoming dark, had to be content with their promise to come at dawn.

We were in an exceedingly awkward position, and steam was kept up all night, in view of a possible

escape. Sleep was out of the question. Luckily for us, our black men, not realising their danger, saved us additional difficulty in this direction. The canoes put in their promised appearance on the morning of the 15th, but it was blowing so hard that they were half full of water when they reached us. With their aid we lightened the steamer, and after three days of danger and difficulty were enabled to proceed again with everything intact.

At length we came in sight of Yambuya, and obtained a first glimpse of that sad scene of so much suffering, disaster, and death. All the blackness and darkness, however, was mercifully withheld from our vision, and now, as we steamed up, we had no room for other feelings than those of bright hopefulness and cheery anticipation. As the 'Stanley,' rushed along, our straining eyes caught sight of a brown patch in the forest bank ahead, which, as we drew nearer, resolved itself into a scene made up of conically shaped huts, inside a picturesque fortification. On the beach, awaiting our advent, was a crowd of swarthy Zanzibaris and Soudanese soldiery, while thrown into strong relief by the effective background were the figures of Barttelot and Jameson, walking up and down together.

Welcomed by lusty cheers and warm handshakes, and amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm, we disembarked, and eagerly besought information of our comrades. Then did we learn that Stanley, Stairs,

Nelson, Jephson, and Parke, had gone on with 400 of the best men of the Expedition, six weeks previously, and that we, who had now arrived, were to place ourselves under the command of Major Barttelot. That there might be no uncertainty as to our position and instructions, Barttelot communicated to us the now famous letter of Mr. Stanley's, of which I think I had best give a copy here.

'*To Major Barttelot, &c.*

'June 24, 1887.

'Sir,—As the senior of those officers accompanying me on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, the command of this important post naturally devolves on you. It is also for the interest of the Expedition that you accept this command, from the fact that your Soudanese company, being soldiers and more capable of garrison duty than the Zanzibaris, will be better utilised than on the road.

'The steamer "Stanley" left Yambuya on the 22nd of this month for Stanley Pool. If she meets with no mischance, she ought to be at Leopoldville on July 2. In two days more she will be loaded with about 500 loads of our goods, which were left in charge of Mr. J. R. Troup. This gentleman will embark, and on July 4 I assume that the "Stanley" will commence her ascent of the river, and arrive at Bolobo on the 9th. Fuel being ready, the 125 men in charge of Messrs. Ward and Bonny, now at Bolobo, will embark, and the steamer will continue her journey. She will be at Bangala on July 19,

and arrive here on July 31. Of course, the lowness of the river in that month may delay her a few days, but, having great confidence in her captain, you may certainly expect her before August 10.

'It is the non-arrival of these goods and men which compels me to appoint you as commander of this post. But, as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men, greatly exceeding the Advance Force which must, at all hazards, push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha, I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the "Stanley," on her final return to Stanley Pool in August.

'Meanwhile, pending the arrival of our men and goods, it behoves you to be very alert and wary in the command of this stockaded camp. Though the camp is favourably situated and naturally strong, a brave enemy would find it no difficult task to capture it if the commander is lax in discipline, vigour, and energy. Therefore, I feel sure that I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard our interests here during our absence.

'The interests now entrusted to you are of vital importance to this Expedition. The men you will eventually have under you consist of more than an entire third of the Expedition. The goods that will be brought up are the currency needed for transit through the regions beyond the lakes; there will be a vast store of ammunition and provisions, which are of equal importance to us. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the Advance Force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn. Therefore, weighing this matter

well, I hope you will spare no pains to maintain order and discipline in your camp, and make your defences complete, and keep them in such a condition that, however brave an enemy may be, he can make no impression on them. For this latter purpose I would recommend you to make an artificial ditch six feet wide, three feet deep, leading from the natural ditch, where the spring is, round the stockade. A platform, like that on the southern side of the camp, constructed near the eastern as well as at the western gate, would be of advantage to the strength of the camp. For, remember, it is not the natives alone who may wish to assail you, but the Arabs and their followers may, through some cause or other, quarrel with you and assail your camp.[1]

'Our course from here will be due east, or by magnetic compass east by south as near as possible. Certain marches that we may make may not exactly lead in the direction aimed at. Nevertheless, it is the south-west corner of Lake Albert, near or at Kavalli, that is our destination. When we arrive there we shall form a strong camp in the neighbourhood, launch our boat and steer for Kibero in Unyoro, to hear from Signor Casati, if he is there, of the condition of Emin Pasha. If the latter is alive and in the neighbourhood of the lake we shall communicate with him, and our after-conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha. We may assume that we shall not

[1] This is one of the most striking points in this much-discussed letter. It is to be noted that Mr. Stanley warns us against the Arabs—the very men we were dependent upon for the carriage of the load

be longer than a fortnight with him before deciding on our return toward the camp along the same road traversed by us.

'We will endeavour, by blazing trees and cutting saplings along our road, to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us. We shall always take, by preference, tracks leading eastward. At all crossings where paths intersect we shall hoe up and make a hole a few inches deep across all paths not used by us, besides blazing trees when possible.

'It may happen, should Tippoo Tib have sent the full number of adults promised by him to me, viz., 600 men (able to carry loads), and the "Stanley" has arrived safely with the 125 men left by me at Bolobo, that you will feel yourself sufficiently competent to march the column, with all the goods brought by the "Stanley," and those left by me at Yambuya, along the road pursued by me. In that event, which would be very desirable, you will follow closely our route, and before many days we should most assuredly meet. No doubt you will find our bomas intact and standing, and you should endeavour to make your marches so that you could utilise these as you marched. Better guides than those bomas of our route could not be made. If you do not meet them in the course of two days' march, you may rest assured that you are not on our route.

'It may happen also that though Tippoo Tib has sent some men, he has not sent enough to carry the goods with your own force. In that case you will, of course, use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march. For this purpose you should study your list attentively.

'1st. Ammunition, especially fixed, is most important.

'2nd. Beads, brass wire, cowries, and cloth rank next.

'3rd. Private luggage.

'4th. Powder and caps.

'5th. European provisions.

'6th. Brass rods as used on the Congo.

'7th. Provisions (rice, beans, peas, millet, biscuits).

'Therefore you must consider, after rope, sacking, tools, such as shovels (never discard an axe or bill-hook), how many sacks of provisions you can distribute among your men to enable you to march, whether half the brass rods in the boxes could not go also, and there stop. If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make two marches of six miles twice over, if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival, than throw too many things away.

'With the "Stanley's" final departure from Yambuya, you should not fail to send a report to Mr. William Mackinnon, care of Gray, Dawes & Co., 13 Austin Friars, London, of what has happened at your camp in my absence, or when I started away eastward; whether you have heard of or from me at all, when you do expect to hear, and what you purpose doing. You should also send a true copy of this order, that the Relief Committee may judge for themselves whether you have acted, or propose to act, judiciously.

'Your present garrison shall consist of eighty rifles, and from forty to fifty supernumeraries. The "Stanley" is to bring you within a few weeks fifty

more rifles and seventy-five supernumeraries under Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny.

'I associate Mr. J. S. Jameson with you at present. Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny will submit to your authority. In the ordinary duties of the defence, and the conduct of the camp, or of the march, there is only one chief, which is yourself; but should any vital step be proposed to be taken, I beg you will take the voice of Mr. Jameson also. And when Messrs. Troup and Ward are here, pray admit them to your confidence, and let them speak freely their opinions. I think I have written very clearly upon everything that strikes me as necessary. Your treatment of the natives, I suggest, should depend entirely upon their conduct to you. Suffer them to return to the neighbouring villages in peace, and if you can in any manner, by moderation, small gifts occasionally of brass rods, &c., hasten an amicable intercourse, I should recommend your doing so. Lose no opportunity of obtaining all kinds of information respecting the natives, the position of the various villages in your neighbourhood, &c., &c.

'I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

'HENRY M. STANLEY,
'*Commanding Expedition.*'

CHAPTER V

It was now August 14, 1887, and little as I imagined it then, I had reached the furthest point that I was to travel in the path of the Emin Relief Expedition. Giving no thought, however, to such an unpleasant outcome, with light hearts and ready hands we attended to the storage of the different goods we had brought, and the acquainting of ourselves with the place and the men with whom we were to be brought in daily contact for some time to come. To me the next few days were of special interest, for with health—which was subsequently to run down to death's point—comparatively good, and little to do in the way of actual work, I was enabled to devote myself to a study of my new companions, and the way in which African life affected their views and dispositions.

To Barttelot, as our temporary chief, I of course gave my first thought. Somehow or another from the very start Barttelot and I failed to 'hit it off.' We viewed things in different lights: he through the strict, stern, rigid spectacles of discipline and with the autocratic manner of a British officer; while I, who had roughed it all the world over, had the

influence upon me which came of much adventure, and that cosmopolitanism which results from being *vis-à-vis* to every phase of life. In a word, he was a soldier come to rescue Emin Pasha; I had joined the explorer in the hope of stirring adventure with gun and pencil. He was a stranger to African manners and speech, with the ever-present suspicion of everyone and everything which this disadvantage must always excite. I had an acquaintance with two or three of the languages, and that knowledge of native methods which could only be acquired by residence amongst the people. As a consequence of all this, the black people with whom he was brought into contact were to Barttelot an unknown quantity, and the contempt and disdain natural to the highly strung officer who believed nothing was equal to the British soldier, gained full and unfortunate sway. He had been used to the plain and upright dealings of the white man, and, if trickery, such trickery as he could understand. He was completely at sea when dealing with the black whose word is so frequently a lie. Handicapped, however, as he was in this way, Barttelot was nevertheless full of good points. He was one of those men who, if you met him at a dinner-party or any place where the man could divest himself of the heavy responsibility he then had, would have been dubbed by you as one of the best fellows in the world. Frank of countenance and free of speech, with his bright boyish animated face swift to

reflect his passing thought, he captured your friendliness while he was in the mood, and moved you unconsciously to sympathy. He had a fund of stories and a wealth of humour, so that he appeared at his best as a *raconteur*. His affection for his father was unbounded, and the man would have been a cold spirit indeed who would have failed to respond with an admiring thought, as he rang the pleasant changes of reference to the 'dear old Guv'nor.' He was British, too, to the finger tips in the matter of his tastes. He dearly loved a horse, and it was amusing to us to note sometimes how horseflesh was such a frequent standard of reference, in the discussions of human ills, and remedies. His talk was a breath from the country lanes and pleasant fields; his stories constantly those of the hunting-field; and as one's recollections travel in sorrow to that lonely grave in the primæval forest, one cannot help the saddening thought, that better far would it have been if the glories of the chase he loved so well had held him fast; rather than the unhappy influence which drew him on to death at the hands of the assassin's rifle, and a grave in an African desert.

In many ways Jameson was the perfect antithesis of Barttelot. While the latter was full of energy, burning with zeal, and mercurial even to hot-headedness, never two minutes quiet, walking up and down to get off steam and burning with desire to be up and doing; Jameson was quiet to a

degree, extremely modest and unassuming, with a most refined expression of countenance, and a voice which, in its low-pitched pleasing tones, spoke the true spirit of the man. Barttelot, with his square-jawed, firmly moulded face, in which there was no shiftiness and no desire to hide, reminded you of the straight daring rider across country; Jameson, with his soft winsome features and musical intonation, drew your thoughts away to the quiet of the library, and the seclusion of the student. Yet there was no keener sportsman than he. His face gave you the idea of delicacy, but the limbs of the man were hard and muscular, and courage and determination shone from out his clear and fearless eye. He had shot in the Rockies; been to Borneo, where he had suffered from a very severe sunstroke, and wandered in many lands in search of the adventure he loved so well. Poor old Jameson! I felt drawn to him from the very first. For nearly seven months I dwelt in his companionship, and was tended by him in my direst need. Little did I dream then that, ere one weary year had sped its course, mine would be the hands to minister to his dying wants, mine the arms in which he would breathe his final breath. Always bright and pleasant, cheering us in our hours of despair, he who had been bred in the lap of luxury taught us lessons in the way of roughing it, meeting inconveniences with a laugh, and suffering with a joke. He, in truth, was one of nature's noblemen, for never in the course of

all our friendship did I hear him say a bitter word of a single soul. He is the first of all the men I have ever met of whom I can say the same thing.

Troup and I were old friends, having been comrades in the Congo service. He is a son of General Sir Colin Troup, well known in India, and originally intended for the Army, for which he had passed the necessary examinations. For some reason or another, however, he never joined, and, after travelling about the world considerably and spending some time in journalistic work, he betook himself to the Congo, where we first became acquainted. Very methodical in his habits, and conscientious to a degree, he was the very man for the transport work, for which Stanley had specially selected him.

Plucky in spirit and methodical in principle, with ideas bounded by considerations of rigid discipline, Bonny, who was charged with medical functions by reason of his possessing some hospital experience, proved a valuable assistant. He had however held non-commissioned rank in the Army Hospital Corps, and was always viewed in the light of his past position by Barttelot. There thus arose a condition of things partly undefinable, but nevertheless fruitful of outcome. He was ignorant of the Kiswahili language spoken by our men, and was in consequence at the mercy of the interpreters, of whose stories he took many notes.

CHAPTER VII

So much for my fellow-officers. Now a word as to our men and the situation of our camp. The strength of the Rear Guard at the time of our arrival was: Soudanese, 44; Somalis, 2; Zanzibaris, 200; making a total of 246. There had been seven deaths in camp from the time of Stanley's departure on June 20. The sentry duty was entirely in the hands of the Soudanese, the Zanzibaris finding pickets. The Soudanese, with whom Barttelot was on the best of terms—they were the only armed soldiers in camp—were entirely in his charge. The 125 men brought up by Bonny and myself were left under our control. Jameson had charge of the Zanzibaris brought up by Parke, and Troup had general work in addition to the care of the baggage. There were two Zanzibari interpreters—John Henry, who had already been in the Congo Free State service, and another man named Bartholomew. The Soudanese interpreter was the notorious Assad Farran, whose name obtained such publicity in connection with the cannibal charges and perjured affidavits.

The camp itself was pitched on the side of the river, and enclosed in a palisade of sticks. On the side facing the river there was a vertical descent running some fifty feet down, and amply protected in consequence; while on the three remaining sides there was the palisade of sticks I speak of, the sticks being some two inches in diameter and some fifteen feet in length. Several huts made of sticks and planks, and thatched with grass, formed our different dwelling-places. Barttelot at this time had his tent pitched right in the men's camp; while, a little way off, and beside my own, Jameson occupied a large hut in which the ammunition and personal baggage left in his charge when Stanley had departed from Yambuya were stored. Bonny and Troup were located in a large hut opposite, with the stores brought up by the latter. Our men were quartered in huts adjoining. Outside the camp, and lying around us, were large fields of manioc, from which our men obtained their daily food.

And now one word as to our position before I pass on. Stanley and his companions had left on June 20, and he had roughly calculated that, even if we were compelled to remain at Yambuya till his return, our stay there would not extend beyond the month of November. The period, however, was fixed rather by inference than by plain statement of fact, the inference resting on the postscript in his letter of instructions to Barttelot, directing that one brass

rod (to buy fish) and six cowrie shells should be given to each man per week for five months. Everything, however, depended upon Tippoo Tib, and if he supplied the required number of men to carry the goods with our force we could set out without delay, following in the track which it was arranged would be indicated to us by blasted trees, cut saplings and other guiding marks. As I say, everything depended upon the supply of men by Tippoo Tib. But when we reached the camp on August 14, six weeks after Stanley had departed, these men had not been supplied by Tippoo Tib; and we could do nothing but join our comrades in their attitude of expectancy and hopefulness for the speedy fulfilment of Tippoo Tib's promise.

There was no reason why we should at this time assume that Tippoo Tib's promise would not be fulfilled; and as we had, roughly speaking, 700 loads of fully 65 lbs. each, and only 170 available men to carry, it seemed foolish for us to think of moving by laboured stages, thereby running the risk of losing a portion of the stores, which, according to our instructions, were regarded as a vital part of the Expedition.

One of my first differences with Barttelot was with regard to our share of the European provisions. Prior to his setting out from Yambuya Mr. Stanley had given to each of the officers then with him, a supply supposed to be sufficient for six months. We

naturally asked for our share on arriving at Yambuya, but, to the astonishment of us all, Major Barttelot refused, saying Mr. Stanley had left no instructions, and would require the stores to be delivered up intact. We had some argument, however, regarding the matter, and eventually succeeded in obtaining the following, which Barttelot estimated as a three months' supply: 1¼ lb. coffee, 1 lb. tea, 1½ tins salt and butter, 2 tins milk, ¼ lb. sugar, 1½ tins jam and chocolate milk, 1 tin cocoa and milk, sardines, sausages, 1 lb. fancy biscuits, ⅓ tin red herring, ½ lb. flour, 1 pot Liebig, ¼ lb. tapioca, ¼ lb. sago.

One of the first incidents associated with our life at Yambuya occurred while the 'Stanley' was still lying there discharging the loads. It was an attack by Arabs upon a native camp on the opposite bank to us, and was noteworthy because of the impression it gave us, that they were the advanced guard of the men promised us by Tippoo Tib. In our ignorance, we believed that there was no Arab community in this district whatever, and that consequently these men had come on from Stanley Falls. We found later on, however, that we were quite in error, and that, as regards our idea of these men being connected in some way with our porters, the wish was only unfortunately father to the thought.

CHAPTER VIII

WE had not been at Yambuya more than a day or two when Abdallah, the headman of the Manyemas who had attacked the natives, arrived at our camp. He was interviewed by Major Barttelot in presence of us all. From him we learnt that Tippoo Tib had sent about 500 men to us in canoes, but they had encountered such hostility from the natives, and were so done up after paddling six days against the stream without finding any indication of our whereabouts, that they had eventually been disbanded, small bands of Manyemas being sent out in different directions in order to discover us, if possible. According to Abdallah, he was headman of one of the parties thus sent out. A further reason for the disbanding of the men was, we were told, that their ammunition had given out, and the natives had proved too strong for them. Abdallah stated, in conclusion, that Tippoo Tib was quite willing to supply the men, and he urged that, as Stanley Falls was only a few days' journey off, we should go ourselves and see Tippoo Tib personally on the subject, Abdallah undertaking to accompany us and act as guide. After

consultation together, Major Barttelot decided to send Jameson and myself to Stanley Falls to interview Tippoo Tib. The account of our journey is given very fully in my notes, from which I now quote :—

Tuesday, August 23, 1887.—Started at 7 A.M. from the entrenched camp of Yambuya, with Jameson, for Stanley Falls to see Tippoo Tib about getting the 400 Manyemas. Had an escort of Arabs and Stanley Falls natives. The first four hours' march was literally bad dense forest with interminable undergrowth, which was rendered more difficult to pass by the tall manioc, which at one time formed the plantations of villages long since destroyed by the Arab bandits. From midday until 4 P.M. our little track led us through some very foul-smelling swamps, and across streams with white-sand bottoms. All dense, virgin forest. At 4 P.M. we camped for the night in the forest. Ants, mosquitoes, and other biting insects in abundance. Our dinner consisted of a mouldy biscuit each ; and we saw a fight between a Manyema and two Falls natives. They struggled and slashed each other with their knives, but did no serious damage. This afternoon these natives captured an old man, woman, and a child, after an exciting hunt through the swamps and bush. The poor captives were very frightened, shook, and cried. Our Arab sheik Abdallah ordered their release on our account, and the expression of disgust on the faces of the capturers was amusing.

These natives with us (they come from the other side of the Congo) are the wildest and fiercest I've yet seen. Their faces and lips are deeply scored with

cicatrization. A round piece of ivory is inserted in their upper lips. Lawless and as quick as monkeys, which they much resemble. They wear round hats of monkey skin, and carry their traps in a kind of potato net on their backs, the band passing across their forehead.

Wednesday, August 24.—Left our bush camp at 5.30 after a miserable breakfast of plain boiled rice, and we tramped through bush and swamp, the same as yesterday, until 11 A.M., when we came out into native clearing, and walked along the trunks of fallen trees for about two miles. We then struck a village with a few natives, passed through it (conical huts like beehives) and reached another. Here we stopped while Abdallah sent to some Arabs who were on a raiding expedition and who held a small village at some distance. They came after a bit in their white robes and turbans, with their gun-bearers. They said they would give us a guide, but we had better camp in the village to-day, and start fresh to-morrow, as we could not reach water in a six hours' march. The Arabs, about forty, had plenty of captive slaves in a village at a little distance off. Houses here are very poor—mere roofs with strips of bark. Natives not at all frightened at seeing white men for the first time—very servile. Chief made a speech, each sentence being repeated by his secretary. Plenty of malafu. The head sheik of the Arabs gave us some beautiful rice and a fine fowl. We were awfully worried by small flies (like the little black sand-fly).

Thursday, August 25.—We started about 6.30 with our Arabs, and passed through a number of

bush clearings, and whole forests of plantain trees. We sat down for twenty minutes in Diua. The Arabs caught some natives, and made show with their guns, until a pot of malafu (palm-wine) was produced. Sketched a couple of heads. Tramped right on, until 5.20 P.M.—a frightful journey through the dripping forest and up the swampy beds of streams. We made about nine hours' march to-day, and had no food, as our loads were behind. Camped, hungry, on side of forest hill. Sand-flies a fearful pest, and large black ants in abundance. The natives in Diua were not bad. Chief came with a pariah dog under his arm and said 'Never saw white man before; want to be friends with him, I give him something to eat so that he shall say the people of Diua are his friends.' And then he handed me the dog by the hind leg. We accepted, of course, looked pleased, and passed on (This speech was translated by a captive woman who had been with the Arabs long enough to speak Kiswahili). This is one of the most confounded day's marching I've ever done.

Friday, August 26.—We started at six this morning, passing through gorgeous pictures of tropical scenery during the early part of the day. I have never seen a more magnificent scene than that presented by this forest. The light and shade effects produced by the trees and creepers beat anything I ever experienced in tropical countries. After passing over several hills we crossed a broad river in an old native canoe, and shortly afterwards my eyes rested on the glistening waters of the Congo. Descending a hill leading to the water, we came to a

populous native village called Yalisula. Our march was about fifteen miles up to this time, and we now journeyed up the river a couple of miles to Yawami, a native village governed by an Arab representative. Here we camped for the night. No rain to-day; everything pleasant.

Saturday, August 27.—Started at daybreak and changed canoes a little higher up. Caught in a terrific thunderstorm. Thunder and lightning all round; the waters drenching us completely and the sea as choppy as possible. In the lowest of spirits. Life scarcely worth living under conditions like these. Every vestige of covering regularly soaked. Camped at a native village called Tatikusu. Great objects of interest to people, who treat us kindly. Poor old Jameson very sick to-night. No food all day for either of us save a lump of stale kwanga, which tasted for all the world like putty, which it strongly resembles in appearance.

Sunday, August 28.—Off before daylight and reached Stanley Falls after a very bad day of burning sun. Sick and tired to-night. Tippoo Tib came down to meet us and was very kind. As we were half famished, the Arab food which he sent us was relished more highly by each of us than anything we ever had taken before.

On our arrival at Stanley Falls we found Tippoo Tib, bland, courteous, and accommodating in every way. We handed him a letter from Major Barttelot [which had been translated into Arabic by Assad Farran, the interpreter] explaining the mistake his men had made, telling him Mr. Stanley had gone on

and saying we were still awaiting the promised 600 men (porters). The letter concluded by informing Tippoo Tib that the powder promised him by Mr. Stanley had arrived at Yambuya, and that the agreement made at Zanzibar held good. Tippoo Tib's explanation to us was that Mr. Stanley had told him that our camp would be found near Basoko; that he (Tippoo Tib) had sent his men up past Basoko without discovering us; that he had then sent his men for food, in the search for which they were attacked, and four were killed by the natives. He had ultimately given up hope of finding us, and had sent out messengers as explained. To make a long story short, Tippoo Tib professed friendliness in a marked degree, and we left with the understanding that he would immediately send us as many men as he could, but he feared he would not be able to make up the large number he had originally got together.

My notes supply the following account of my return journey:—

Monday, September 5.—(The return from the Falls to Yambuya). Started from Yalisula (on Congo, the nearest point to Yambuya. Canoes from there to Falls, two and a half days on Congo River). We agreed that I should come back first. Wished old Jameson adieu, and started on the return journey to Yambuya about 7 A.M., with Abdallah and about twenty Manyemas. Was caught in an awful thunderstorm at 3 P.M., and at 4 had to stop,

everything soaking. Rained and thundered nearly all night, and had to sleep (?) in my old macintosh.

Tuesday, September 6.—Away at dawn, cold, all my traps, blankets etc., wet and muddy. Tramped hard all day until 4.30, when another thunderstorm caught us. Got into a miserable little village called Yautaru and camped. Had a row with my men for being behind. Natives very scared, and our men looted everywhere. In an exceedingly bad temper. Had to lie down to sleep, hungry, and in wet clothes. Lost my coffee and tea by the beastly carelessness of the carriers, and that was my four months' allowance! Salt also gone, melted by the rain.

Wednesday, September 7.—Away before daybreak, and tramped hard all day, feeling very unwell, and ate nothing. My men were knocked up at a village six hours from Yambuya, and refused to proceed. I went on with my gun-bearer and got to the Yambuya camp at sundown; ate a little fish and turned in.

September 8.—Very seedy this morning.

CHAPTER IX

My notes break off suddenly at this point, and for five weeks there is no entry. The seediness which I noted on September 8 was but the beginning of a severe attack of dysentery, and until the middle of October I lay sick and helpless on my bed of grass, suffering almost all the horrors of the damned. Oh, the horrors of that weary time! Even now, freed as I am from all possibility of sickness under such horrifying conditions, I cannot help a shudder passing over me as my thoughts revert to that miserable period. Of succour there was little; of proper food there was none. Day after day, night after night, I lay in my scanty grass hut, with my ragged clothes drawn round my shivering frame, my strength ebbing slowly away, and life's little light growing dimmer and dimmer. Pain and ache, ache and pain—no change, no relief as the hours hurried onward in their flight and the light of day gave way to the darkness of night. Now a comrade's face would look in upon me, and anon a friendly hand clasp mine; but still the pain went on, till the fevered imagination pictured the friendly glance as the face of a grinning

fiend, the outstretched hand as the uplifted weapon about to strike. Then a troubled sleep would come, and I would live again through past dangers and difficulties, with horrors multiplied one hundredfold.

Oh, these long nights! How I used to hate them! With the daylight and the activity and life of the camp, the passing forms and familiar voices, one was soothed somewhat; but with the dark isolation of the night, the horrors grew upon me. Nothing would break the stillness but the uncertain tramp of the weary sentinel, and the hoarse, guttural notes of the Soudanese voice as it rang out the challenge to the officer of the night. Then would come the softer tones of the English voice in its reply, and after the salutations, all was still. Through the chinks of my hut-wall I could gaze out upon the dying camp-fires, peopling with my fancy the dying embers which lay together. Then it might be the breath of a shivering black man, seeking warmth, would bring them into new life, and set up such a weird uncanny flash as would transform the crouching figure, in my sight, into a frowning demon of darkness, ready to do battle with all humanity. No flight of fancy was too great, no conception too horrible for my fevered imagination. Nor was it pure fancy alone. With a start and a shudder I would find myself recalled from the realms of imagination to the grim realities, to discover the vile rats

of the forest crowding my hut, holding high revel on my bed, and, emboldened by my apparent lifelessness, even nibbling my matted hair and beard.

One incident in connection with this fearful time stands out vividly in my recollection. It was midnight on one occasion when Jameson, who happened to be officer of the watch, came into my hut to cheer me with a few moments of that cheerful conversation of his I liked so well. He was seated on a stool to the right of my bed, talking in the dim light which an improvised oil-lamp cast from the centre of the floor. As he chatted, and I lay listening without strength to join much in his talk, a noise behind my bed made me give a sudden petulant movement, to bring the hangings at my back more closely together. I heard a swishing, rattling sound as something tumbled to the floor, and saw Jameson, with a strange glare in his eye, seek to peer beneath the rude couch on which I lay. In a moment he had risen, and now with a look of horror he grasped a piece of wood standing near. As I caught his eye and followed his glance, I saw issuing from under my bed a large black snake. Quick as lightning my companion struck it on the head with his stick, and with one blow killed it. Without knowing it, I had saved my life by my first movement above my head, and Jameson had now removed all danger. All talk was over between us, and, completely prostrated, I turned on my bed to try and obtain some sleep.

Jameson proceeded on his rounds, but not before he had hung up the snake on a cross-beam at the end of my hut, with the intention of having it removed in the morning.

I slept but for a very short time, to awaken in a fearfully nervous and excited condition. So weak was I, that the entire occurrence of an hour before had fled my memory. The moon was up by this time, and as its rays streamed in through a slit in my hut, they fell upon the body of the snake which Jameson had hung up. I had, as I say, quite forgotten everything, and now as the moonbeams fell on the glistening form, wriggling, twisting, and turning in its muscular convulsions, fearful and fantastic thoughts came to me. I sought to cry out, but my parched lips refused their office. I attempted to spring out of bed, but my weakened limbs possessed no power of movement. And so for hours I lay gazing on the hideous sight, swayed and tortured by doubts and horrors, till the morning brought me peace.

On October 15, in a condition which might in all truth be described as more dead than alive, I was enabled to crawl from my bed into the open once more. Matters appeared to be precisely as they were when I had been taken ill. The expected porters had not arrived from Tippoo Tib, there was no news from Mr. Stanley, and all in camp were still waiting on events. Sickness and disease had thinned

our ranks, while Troup, Bonny, and Jameson had had more or less severe touches of the fever. A rumour regarding Stanley's return had come to camp through a native chief, N'Gunga, to whose village certain of Stanley's Zanzibaris had returned. These Zanzibaris had represented that Stanley was at a village called Opoy, where a desperate fight had taken place, and from which they had only escaped with their lives. It was afterwards discovered, however, that their story was a pack of lies, and that they had deserted from Stanley on the march, making up this version of affairs to cover their reappearance.

I learnt, further, that on October 6 Major Barttelot and Troup had set out for Stanley Falls in order to see Tippoo Tib, and come to some understanding with regard to the promised porters. They had had an interview with the Arab chief on October 24, when he had told them—as he had already sent word—that he expected to get the porters at Kassongo. Kassongo, however, was a month's journey away, and so it would be some weeks before they could arrive. With this assurance Barttelot and Troup had to be content.

Matters were thus situated when additional troubles came upon us in connection with the Arabs, by whom we were now nearly surrounded. An Arab camp had been established at the rear of our own, and friendly relations were very soon established

between our men and these wanderers of the forest. All this was very much against our wish, and boded very badly for us. The free, unrestrained life of the Arabs stood out in marked contrast to the discipline and methodical procedure we found it absolutely necessary to maintain, and a sense of grievance naturally took possession of our men. The Arabs dilated on the freedom of their roving existences and the spoils which awaited their marauding enterprises, while our men poured forth the tale of their sufferings and their servitude. Discontent, of course, ensued; but, worse than this, the stories which our men told of discipline and difficulty, obtained wide circulation through the Arabs, and undoubtedly acted as a strong deterrent to our getting the porters for whom we so anxiously waited and watched. Hating control and discipline of every kind, the Manyema temperament was just the one to be affected by stories such as our men set about, and to shirk service with us in every possible way.

A further difficulty arose with these Arabs in connection with our food-supply. Previous to their arrival we had experienced no difficulty whatever in obtaining fish and other articles of food from the surrounding natives, but on their advent the Arabs diverted the supply into their own camp. This was really a very serious matter, and the difficulties which beset us were increased a hundredfold by the instructions left us to keep on friendly terms

with the Arabs. So serious did the situation become that on November 15 I received the following letter of instructions from Major Barttelot:—

'Camp, Yambuya Village: November 15, 1887.

'SIR,—You will proceed to Singatini for the purpose of interviewing Tippoo Tib on the following subject—viz. the prevention of the natives selling fish, &c., to me by his men stationed here, though I have requested them to desist from it. You will explain to Tippoo Tib the facts of the case, and ask him if the men cannot be sent farther away from our camp, with orders not to interfere with the traffic between me and the natives, or else send a responsible man as mumapara, with distinct orders not to interfere, or allow his men to interfere, between my men and the natives, or to tamper with the natives selling direct to us. The mumapara here at present, Majuto by name, has done all in his power to annoy me in this respect, though remonstrated with on several previous occasions. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

'EDMUND M. BARTTELOT, *Major*,
'*Commanding Yambuya Camp.*'

The following is the record in my notes of the journey I then undertook:—

Saturday, November 19.—Started away for the Falls again with Ferahani and six Zanzibaris, to palaver about Majuto. Slept at first village of the Yewako group, where Jameson and I camped in

August. (I am in very poor condition, and should not have done this journey.)

November 20.—Pouring wet day; feet much swollen, legs stiff and very cold, tramping waist deep in swamps and up river beds; slept wet and cheerless in the forest.

November 21.—Feet and legs swollen and painful, road sodden and swampy, river high from previous day's rain. Arrived in Yalisula at 2 P.M. Had to wait until the following morning for canoe, as big market engrossed the people's attention.

November 22.—Away from Yalisula at 5.30 A.M. At Kata-Muri canoe men cleaned out, jumping in the water and leaving us to get ashore as best we could. Arrived at Abdallah's village at 4 P.M. Wanted to go on by moonlight, but could not.

November 23.—Away at 6 A.M. with six of the most unmitigated scoundrels as canoe-men I've yet seen. Had great trouble in procuring fresh relays of men, and had to bribe the last lot with ten brass rods to take me on by moonlight. Caught in very heavy thunderstorm, and got into Stanley Falls about midnight with everything drenched.

November 24.—Had an audience with the chief Arabs. Tippoo Tib had left five days before for Kassongo. Selim bin Mohammed did not go. Result of palaver was that Selim bin Mohammed will return to Yambuya himself.

November 25.—Breakfasted with Sheik Nasaro bin Sudi. Splendid spread in his seraglio.

November 26.—After considerable delay we got away from the Falls about midday. Bwana Nzige gave me some curry, a fine large Kassongo goat, a

bag of rice, some ghee and coffee for my return journey. We arrived at Abdallah's camp at sundown.

Sunday, November 27.—Natives at Abdallah's village had all struck, and we started at 8 o'clock without them; Abdallah himself and his four Wangwanas paddling our two canoes. Arrived at Yalisula at 3 P.M., very scorching hot day.

November 28.—Away from Yalisula about 6.30. Delayed by heavy rains which, however, kept up all day. Camped in the dripping, cold forest without fire.

November 29.—Away at daybreak. Had a bad night's rest—ants ate me until I was a mass of blotches and felt scalded all over. No breakfast. The fellow who had charge of my fine Kassongo goat, lost it in a swamp, and in looking for it we all got lost together, and thus wasted about four hours. Got to Diua at sundown. Feet very sore, and stiff all over. Natives brought me three large calabashes of malafu. I drank the potent palm-wine with much relish.

November 30.—Had a good feed of roasted corn and boiled rice, and started off briskly. Got into a herd of elephants at midday, and spent some time observing one roguish female sporting in the stream, within twenty yards from where I was concealed. I was furious at my gun-bearers being behind. Got to camp at 4 P.M., after a good twenty-five miles' tramp. Feet bad on account of the water and sand.

I arrived back in camp to find all my comrades, like myself, suffering from illness. Rheumatism,

fever, and biliousness was the order of the day amongst the white men, while the poor fellows under us were growing weaker and weaker, and dropping off day by day. By December 5 there were thirty-one deaths amongst the blacks. Each morning a miserable sight met our eyes as, crowding round Bonny's hut, their number growing with each day, a mass of suffering Zanzibaris and Soudanese sought relief and medicine, from the scanty store he had at his disposal. The wet weather, the wretched food, and the weary, miserable existence we were forced to lead was telling on us all, but with most deadly effect on the poor creatures, whose uncared-for flesh broke into festering sores of the most painful character.

CHAPTER X

DRIFTING on in this wretched fashion, we at last reached the concluding week of the year, and that Christmas Day with which so much happiness and comfort is proverbially associated. Little happiness or comfort was ours, away in that wretched camp by the Aruwimi; but for a brief spell our spirits mounted superior to all our trials and sufferings, and we revelled in something of the bright joyousness of the Christmas time. Jameson and I sat up till the small hours engaged in what Troup called 'a joint conspiracy' to provide the time-honoured Christmas cards for the party.

Our Christmas proved one of the bright spots in the history of that dark and dreary time. Dull care was for the time forgotten; late suffering and sickness pushed back, for the nonce, into the forgetfulness of the past. The dainty bits of all our scanty stores were produced. Each of us contributed something to the general comfort, and all combined to make the day of special comfort and happiness. We succeeded in a rare degree, and with song, joke, and story filled all the pleasant hours. Our people, too,

had a holiday, and, that they might not be left out of our rejoicing, each received a Christmas-box in the shape of brass rods (currency of the country). How we laughed and chatted and joked! We were boys again, with all the keen zest for fun and banter of our youthful days. Nothing was too insignificant for our mirth. Even the very scraps of newspapers which we had become possessed of through our store packages were pressed into our service. What a fund of material for imagination and suggestion the advertisement columns supplied us with! Here it was a maid who wanted a situation, there a widow seeking another partner in her life's journey. Now it was an agony column notice, and again a quack-medicine vendor's announcement of his life-saving wares. That maid! What sort of a young woman was she? Was she light or dark, short or tall? Had she grey eyes or brown? If we were engaging a maid, what sort of a young woman would we select? And that widow! What sort of an old party was she? But why old? She might be young and pretty, with a taste for African adventurers. Would she have suited any of us? Whom could she select? Would it be Troup? or which of us? No need for old Jameson to strike in; he was booked already. How we joked and chaffed each other. It seems all so very ridiculous now, but it was so intensely funny then. And that agony column advertisement! Poor Regie! Was he still waiting outside St. James's

Park Station for the faithless Lil? What a wealth of love was his! Was it, though? The young man seemed to be pretty well up in phrasing his messages. There was the suggestion of an old master about his literary workmanship. How often had he written *viâ* the agony column to another Lil before? Faithless Regie! And Lil? Did she frequently use the St. James's Park Station as a meeting-place? What a funny lot of lovers these people in civilised places were. Oh! for that life-saving elixir! Wouldn't Bonny give the old gentleman a good order for it if he could! How useful it would be! How many weeks of illness would it have saved us from? Ah, these sick days of ours! But we must not talk of them. To-day all this must be forgotten. Let us not bother further with the ills of life. They will be with us again all too soon. To-day let us eat, drink, and be merry, for we know not what to-morrow may bring. Let us ask Bonny for a song.

The hours pass on, and on their wings they carry us the night. The day has closed, its light has fled, and now a soft silver moonlight streams down upon us. We say 'Good night. God bless you!' and all prepare to turn in. As I stroll down through the camp to my hut, my feelings undergo a change. I cannot help a sensation of sadness stealing over me. How calm and still everything is! Nothing disturbs the silence of the night but the dull sound of the rushing waters, as they come coursing along from the

glistening rapids ahead. The camp-fires are flickering low, the greater number of our men have gone indoors, but there are still a few lingering round the dying flames. As I pass along their attitudes change somewhat, and their dull and weary eyes peer hopelessly into mine. How the dark faces are lined with their misery and suffering as the red light flashes upon them! What a world of hopelessness and agony is in their glance! Death is about. He has marked many of them for his own. In too many cases his call will be a speedy one. Thirty-nine graves now in our little God's Acre and six months gone! Good God! will these porters never come? Must all of us lie down and rot and die? Poor wretches! if we could only help you! But we cannot. May the Great Spirit pity and succour us all!

And so the year went out.

CHAPTER XI

The new year found us still waiting. There was no news of Mr. Stanley, and no porters yet from Tippoo Tib. What were we to do? Every day saw our men growing weaker, our numbers growing smaller. The five months which Mr. Stanley had counted on being away had come and gone. Still there was no news. The loss of the goods in our charge would, according to the letter of June 24, be certain ruin to the Expedition. Our men were too weak to carry them. We could not afford to go forward and leave any behind. There was nothing for it, but to wait and hope on still. My notes will best tell the tale of our everyday life from this point:—

Sunday, January 1, was celebrated with a jam pudding of my own manufacture, and a goat. Weather fine and the river very low, the reef of rocks across the river opposite the camp being almost bare.

Friday, January 6.—Nassibu, an Arab of Tippoo Tib's, visited us, bringing, as a present, some Stanley [redacted]alls rice and a goat. He told us an absurd yarn of

Abdallah having seen Stanley, and he is off to Abdallah's camp to get information.

Monday, January 9.—Selim bin Mohammed arrived from the Falls. He says he has heard no news from Tippoo Tib yet, but he expects batches of men for us to arrive from Kassongo in about twenty days. He says they will probably come in companies of fifty or sixty men each, on account of the limited canoe accommodation. This appears strange, for at certain times there have been upwards of five hundred men making the journey together. He says, also, that the Congo is very low, and consequently the canoes cannot get over the rapids if they are heavily laden. Jameson continues collecting birds and painting them. We sketched the second rapids from below the camp a few days ago. I did mine in Indian ink, and produced a fairly soft effect. We are all most awfully sick and tired of this wretched place, and of our scanty fare; none of us are really well. I never spent so many unprofitable months before, and only trust we shall get a sufficient number of men from Tippoo Tib to make a start in February. It seems very strange that we have heard nothing of Stanley, who was to have returned last November, and we can only account for his prolonged absence by supposing that he has had to go a longer journey from Lake Albert Nyanza than he previously anticipated. If anything has happened to him, it will be a bad look-out for the Expedition, and I do not know how the relief goods, the merchandise and ammunition—700 loads—will ever reach him. There appears to me to be some motive for Tippoo's having delayed providing the 700 men he promised. It is hardly feasible, that

excuse of his, about his men having refused to carry our loads on account of their weight. His authority certainly ought to overcome any scruples of that sort, and, besides, 2,500*l.* is very good pay for his Manyema slaves; according to the reports that have reached us from the men who deserted Stanley there must be abundance of ivory. There is something at the bottom of it all, and perhaps before long we shall know more about it.

There are forty-one deaths among our men up to date; this, out of about 250 men, in six months, is high mortality. There are, besides, about fifty or sixty poor wretches, both Zanzibaris and Soudanese, who can scarcely crawl about—perfect skeletons! We can do nothing for them; there is certainly not sufficient medicine of the required kind, and we can give them no food but the manioc root, which in their debilitated condition is both highly indigestible and repulsive.

Selim bin Mohammed visited us this morning and talked over matters relating to Tippoo Tib's men. He also told us of two more deserters from H. M. S. who he will catch in a day or two, and we may then get more information about Stanley's movements and about the country.

Tuesday, January 10.—The ordinary daily routine of life in our camp was as follows (I quote from my diary):—

'First drum sounds at daylight for the men to wash, &c. About 6 A.M. the second drum goes, and there is general parade, when the men are told off for building huts, clearing grass, &c. Breakfast consisting of a cup of tea, plain boiled rice, green

with mouldiness, and fried plantains at about 6.30. Then the sick men muster at Bonny's house and receive a little medicine (strongly diluted) for their ulcerated sores, and until 11.30, when the drum sounds for knock-off work, we spend our time in various ways. Jameson and I are generally sketching; Major B. walking up and down; Troup and Bonny smoking, chatting, reading, &c. From 11.30 to 2 P.M. the men rest, and we lunch—the same bill of fare as at breakfast. The afternoon is put in in the same way as the morning, and at 5.30 the drum sounds stop work; wash up, dinner at 7 P.M.—same bill of fare, boiled rice and fried plantains. Sometimes we are fortunate enough to get a little fish, and then our spirits rise perceptibly. We take it in turns to be the orderly officers of the day, to keep order, to see the camp cleared up, to visit the sentries, and turn the guard out three times during the night.'

Wednesday, January 11.—My birthday.

Thursday, January 12.—Jameson and I made water-colour sketches of what is probably a new antelope, sent us by Sheik Nassibu. Afterwards skinned it and ate a portion for dinner; it was magnificent.

Friday, January 13.—I painted a tree this morning which was covered with beautiful crimson flowers. A dead body floated down the river, and was caught up in some overhanging branches opposite our camp. It was evidently a native, with a spear-wound in the chest, and was the corpse of a fine big man. Bonny sick.

Saturday, January 14.—I was busy all day on a comic drawing of some of the E. P. R. Expedition.

This afternoon another dead body was caught up in the branches of a tree opposite the camp. This one, a native woman, with her throat cut from ear to ear. She must have been in the water some time, as her skin was white, and in many places washed away. The face bore a horrible expression, the lower jaw quite bare, and nose and eyes quite gone; ghastly was the whole concern. This makes about seven dead bodies that have been swept into the branches of this tree since I came here, August 14.

I received by an Arab from Rachid (the head Arab who burnt the Falls Station) a fine present of three knives and four spears. One of the knives is quite the finest I have ever seen, and one of the spears is also new to me. I am awfully pleased with the present, and also that he has kept his promise so well, Arabs' promises are, as a rule, like pie-crust. I gave old Jameson one of the knives and one of the spears. Jameson is an awfully good fellow, energetic, amusing, very clever in many ways, and has exceedingly good taste. He is one of the best fellows I ever met, or am likely to meet. His kind attention to me during my attack of dysentery probably saved my life. I shall always remember that.

Sunday, January 15.—I finished my comic drawing to-day, and it was much laughed at. I got Assad Farran to transcribe into Arabic a letter to Rachid, thanking him for his present. Killed a goat to-day, so we are in good spirits. By Jove! what a relief it will be when we get orders to move from this wearisome camp! I have been here now five months —a long time to be stuck idle in a place. Jameson drew my big knife to-day.

Monday, January 16.—Selim bin Mohammed called on me this morning. He told me in course of conversation that the Manyema men they use as soldiers are virtually their slaves, and only receive pay when they can obtain ivory; they then receive a third part. The people at Tabora only count in sevens. The belief in the transmigration of souls is common with many tribes both here and further to the eastward. Selim says that on more than one occasion he has seen the natives in these parts apparently recognise in a Manyema man a former companion, and rush about, shouting, crying, and making great demonstrations of joy. The natives around here have told Selim that, when they first saw the Arabs with their guns, they decided among themselves that they were men from some other world, and in connection with the elements, as their guns, belching forth fire, resembled the lightning, and the report that followed reminded them of thunder. Upon inquiring as to the future successor of Tippoo Tib, Selim replied that his son 'Sefo,' who is now chief of Kassongo, will inherit the sole authority. There will probably be no disagreement among the other Arabs, as 'Sefo' has been initiated into the slaving business, and is popular. Tippoo Tib invests most of his profits in land and houses in Zanzibar, and also lends large amounts of guns and goods upon interest to responsible Arabs in order to start them, and in order to retain authority over them. Not well to-day; something wrong with my liver, I suppose.

Tuesday, January 17.—Went off with Jameson this morning to botanise. We made a collection of flowers with their leaves. This seems to be the

hottest season in these parts; 80 and 90 in the shade is common, whilst in the sun the glass indicated 136, and we took it in for fear of its bursting, as it is only fixed to register 145.

Wednesday, January 18.—Finished very rough sketch. Jameson had an interview with a snake when taking his bath. Very hot and muggy; looks like a storm to-night.

Thursday, January 19.—Made rough water-colour sketch of 'Omari,' one of our table servants. Uneventful. Jameson drawing spears and an awfully curious caterpillar.

Friday, January 20.—Very heavy thunderstorm last night; rain blew into my house and wet all my traps. Rained more or less all day, and men were not turned to. Made pencil drawing of Abu Bak. More deaths. There are now forty-five of our men laid in the graveyard. We arrived in this camp on August 14, and there were then only eight men dead, so that there have been thirty-four deaths since then out of about 240 men, Zanzibaris and Soudanese. Selim bin Mohammed, who has always been most pleasant and agreeable, is now beginning to get touchy. Evidently we shall never get the 700 men Tippoo Tib promised us.

January 23, 8.30 P.M.—It is raining and blowing like a hurricane. A part of the north wall of my house came down just now with a crash. Earth gave way, lot of things swimming about; but shall have to let them soak till morning. This is the worst storm I have seen up here.

Tuesday, January 24.—The rain lasted nearly all night, and made my traps in a deplorable state.

Grass houses are not able to withstand bad storms. It seems curious that the only three Zanzibaris I have drawn here should have died, one after the other, in rapid succession. I went up to Selim bin Mohammed's camp this morning and had a long chat with him. He showed me one of his slaves (a man who had only recently arrived from Zanzibar), who had travelled to Emin Bey's province, since Dr. Junker left, by way of Uganda and Nyoro. This man had often seen Emin Bey, and also the two steam-launches, which are on the Upper Nile. He told us that the country was fairly open, and that to get to Emin's province it is necessary to cross a high range of mountains (these are Grant's Blue Mountains). He also stated that the people of the south side of the Albert Nyanza Lake are exceedingly warlike; their only weapons, however, are a large knife and shield; that they fight bravely, and are very cunning in their mode of attack. In answer to a query of mine, as to what Selim really thought about Mr. Stanley's prolonged absence—its cause, in fact—he replied that, by what the deserters had told him of Stanley's refusing to allow them to gather manioc root and collect food from the villages, the men were consequently in a state of semi-starvation, and very dissatisfied; that they were driven along by blows and that large numbers of the 400 men Stanley took with him had deserted. (We know positively of about thirty.) Selim then continued that, as this was in every probability true, Stanley would be much weakened, and unable to keep off any large body of attacking natives, especially such men as those he will encounter. Then Selim said that, considering

all this, he himself thinks that Stanley must be in trouble; hence the delay and absence of tidings. I suppose Tippu has Arab slavers stationed right into the heart of Emin's province, but there has never little to been any communication across from the Lake District, where they are, to the Falls, although it is but 100 miles or so. They prefer going direct across through Uganda, as the journey to the East coast is much shorter that way. Emin Pasha has long been known to the Arabs as 'Abdul Emeen.' Selim says that he has large quantities of ivory, but it is distributed at his different stations. Emin has his largest camp upon an island, which has the river Nile on one side and the open water of the Albert Lake on the other. There are three kings up there who are very powerful and likely to cause Stanley trouble, as he must necessarily pass through one of the territories before he can reach Emin Pasha.

At Luemba, near Karema, it is a common punishment to amputate one hand and gouge out an eye. Generally this is inflicted upon thieves, but there is no hard-and-fast rule about it. Selim afterwards came down and told Jameson and myself some interesting things about justice in Zanzibar. He said that, if there were 1,000 dollars in dispute, and the case was taken before the head judge, 'Mohammed bin Selim,' there would perhaps be 100 dollars awarded to both sides, and the remainder was appropriated. Zanzibar is a fine country, evidently, for the rich man, as any poor man who seeks justice for wages, assault, &c., is cast into prison, instead of being recompensed for his injuries.

Nasaro bin Sudi, who is now at the Falls, was

unfortunate enough to lose most of his property some little time ago. It appears that he had a namesake, a Manyema, who was killed in a fight. The news reached Zanzibar of the death of Nasaro bin Sudi, and his relatives immediately divided up his property. Soon after, a letter was received by these relatives from the supposed deceased, who stated his intention of shortly returning to Zanzibar, which he did, and found his property divided up and most of the money spent. This must have been very awkward for poor Nasaro. Major Barttelot still entertains the plan of going to Stanley's relief with as many of Tippoo Tib's men as he can muster, when Tippoo returns from Kassongo. He is due about the 5th of next month. It has turned into a beautiful night, the moon giving an extraordinary brightness.

Wednesday, January 25.—Another poor fellow dead (forty-seven). Very hot day; the glass registered 90 in Jameson's house, and that is decidedly the coolest place in the camp. Went out sketching, but found the heat too great. Bright moonlight night.

Thursday, January 26.—Very cloudy, and rained some in the morning. Sketching a portion of the interior of our enclosure of the camp—just a corner, showing Jameson's house and my own (pen and ink).

Friday, January 27.—This morning at daybreak Selim bin Mohammed's men attacked a village about a mile from camp down the river on the other side. They killed four natives, including the chief, whose hand they cut off and brought in as a trophy; besides twenty-seven women captives, two youths, and three good canoes. Finished my pen-and-ink drawing of

a corner of our camp. It was a cloudy day, and rained a little in the morning. Feeling more like myself to-day. Natives are in a very disturbed state, and are out on the river in their canoes.

Saturday, January 28.—Beautiful day. Made a drawing of one of Selim's band, a Manyema man and his drum; good portrait, and characteristic. I intend drawing Ali bin Mohammed, the Persian, to-morrow, as he posed this evening when lamenting his hard luck in being here with no food but manioc roots and grass, and no covering but his old thin loin-cloth.

Poor fellow, I somehow have taken quite a liking to him. He said to me this evening, his eyes turned upwards and his left hand raised to the sky, the other on his breast, 'O nchi angu Teheran!' meaning, 'Oh, Teheran, my country!' He reminded me of a picture in an old 'Illustrated News' of Irving in 'Faust' on the Brocken. Ali has been a soldier in the service of Sultan Bargash of Zanzibar. He's drooping, poor chap, his ribs are becoming prominent. Another death this evening—a Soudanese soldier. Forty-eight graves now. The Arabs from the camp above us (about ten miles above the rapids) went for a village a few days ago; killed seven men, and took twenty-nine women slaves. The natives from the other side of the river who killed four of Selim bin Mohammed's men in the night a few weeks ago, and went off with nine guns, came back with three guns to-day, after being threatened. I expect Selim will send some men across the river and slaughter them if they do not produce the remaining six guns. Poor devils! it seems hard luck. First

they were driven from their village, where our camp now stands, and then, after making a little settlement on the other side, they must have had at least thirty men killed at different times when the Arabs attacked them, besides losing a large number of women and having to pay a considerable amount of ivory.

Tuesday, January 31.—Very hot day: 136° in the sun. Did nothing. Had a chat with Selim bin Mohammed this morning about cannibals. He told me he had frequently seen the natives he used to have with him in these parts (some of the same ones accompanied Jameson and me on our first journey to the Falls) kill a slave, cut it up, and eat the flesh in front of him.

Selim is quite a linguist. He speaks Swahili, Arabic, Hindostani, Malagasy (Madagascar), and about six different native dialects, or rather languages, which are in use between the east coast of Mombassa and this part of the country. His men, who are of various tribes, speak their own languages to each other, although, of course, they all speak Swahili fluently, if not grammatically. He says that between Kassongo and the east of Lake Tanganyika, the native carriers who form Tippoo Tib's large caravans carry human flesh with them. They divide the slaves they catch *en route*. Tippoo Tib takes one half, and the carriers the other portion, whom they kill and eat. Now we are through this month, and still no news. I am still very anxious to know the cause of the delay in Stanley's return. He is not the man to be delayed much without very strong reasons, and if he was waiting for Emin to collect his people, surely he would have sent a messenger

to us, as he does not know whether we are on the road with the loads or not. If Emin elects to come away, he will not require the loads of merchandise, and it is only natural that we should hear some news by messengers. Perhaps a party of men have been sent down to us, and have been killed on the road. That seems the only conclusion we can form. This is the sixteenth day of this moon, and Tippoo Tib is due at the Falls from Kassongo in about fifteen or twenty days more. I wonder if he will bring us our 700 men. I doubt it. If he does not we are properly in a fix, and God only knows how we shall ever move out of here with upwards of 700 loads and only about sixty men able to carry out of 250. [Jameson's donkey died to-day of general decline; this is the second donkey dead from decline.] We heard that of the six donkeys Stanley took with him, only two were alive. It is almost impossible for men to travel these dense forest tracks; they have to crawl in many places, pushing their loads ahead of them. Then there are many deep rivers and swamps. We also heard that Stanley found no native paths to follow, and had to cut his way through the dense undergrowth. The scrub is so dense that it is almost dark in the bush, cold and clammy, slippery; soil generally about a foot or six inches deep, and drip, drip, constantly from the tall trees overhead, and a foul, poisonous atmosphere from dead leaves and other decaying vegetation.

Thursday, February 2.—It was very cold last night; the glass was down to 67°, and at midday it registered 135° in the sun. We hear that ten canoe loads of men have arrived at the Falls from

Kassongo, and that they are being sent to a place called Lomami to settle some iittle unpleasantness which exists between the Arabs there and the natives. Selim has a letter to say that Tippoo Tib has written him from Kassongo, but that the letter will be sent to him by-and-bye.

I made an outline drawing of a knife Jameson bought with an empty powder-flask, a few days ago. It is a strange-looking affair with points on both sides, and is used as a boomerang I think. At any rate, a Soudanese sergeant says he has seen the same kind of a thing used as a throwing knife by some remote tribes in the Soudan. It is very cold again this evening, and heavy dew falling. We were quite cheery, walking up and down outside the fort after dinner, until about 11.15 P.M. We sang all the snatches of songs we remembered, and the choruses echoed across the river against the roar of the opposite rapids. Had a long chat with John Henry, one of our Zanzibaris, who was out on the Congo in the State service. I dotted down a few useful sentences in Swahili, in which language I am making rapid progress. He also told me much of Zanzibar life, and of his former experiences when in the mission under Bishop Steere, who took him to England when a boy. He is the only man who speaks English well among the Zanzibaris here.

Friday, February 3.—I spent most of the day at the Kiswahili language. Some natives from the village that Selim bin Mohammed raided a few days ago visited the fort during lunch-time, and came into the mess-house to see the white men, whom they had heard of but never before seen. Among them

was the brother of the chief who was killed. He is a very shifty-looking chap, big, powerful, and scowling. They asked if we were all born of one mother, and upon being told we were (for fun), they elevated their eyebrows, looked at one another, and covered their open mouths with their hands. They had come to see the Arabs about redeeming their women, who were taken slaves, for ivory. The Arabs are chanting their melancholy war-song to-night, as I write, preparatory to crossing the river before the moon rises. They are going to attack, destroy the village, and kill as many of N'Gunga's people as they can at early dawn. Some natives have taken up their quarters upon the biggest rocks in the rapids. This arrangement of the Arabs is on account of the murder of their two men a few weeks ago. Poor N'Gunga! I shall be sorry if he is killed, for I never saw a finer type of savage—powerfully built, full of pluck, and a decided air of command about him. He would make a very good study for a tale, and I intend making ample notes of his vicissitudes since the Arabs first attacked him on August 16, 1887.

We hear that Tippoo Tib will be here in about twenty days with a large number of men, and that his uncle is at Wadelai, in Emin Bey's province. More of this anon.

Saturday, February 4.—Jameson's third anniversary of his marriage: we were not able to do much in the celebration line, unfortunately. The Arabs started firing at early dawn this morning, and then set the village on fire. It was a striking sight to see it burning. The poor natives in hundreds took to their canoes, and made for up-stream, but

they are being slaughtered there by the Arabs, who inhabit an island in the midst of almost impassable rapids. Plenty of dead bodies to-day for the fish in the Aruwimi. Arabs also raided six fine canoes. Bugari, a Soudanese soldier, who entered my house at midnight some two or three months ago and stole some goat meat, and who was flogged with lashes with a chicotte, and who has had to patrol daily in the sun in heavy chains ever since, for punishment, has evidently grown tired of his duty, and has bolted this evening with his guard's gun and twelve rounds of ammunition. He is a very hardened scoundrel, and I should not be surprised if he has concealed himself near by in the forest, so as to have a shot at one of us as we walk up and down in the evening after dinner outside the fort. A search party has just started, 10 P.M.

Sunday, February 5.—This morning some of the Arab raiders came down from up-river, with news of a defeat and ten of their number cut to pieces by the natives, who sought refuge in their canoes above the rapids. Selim and his men started, some by the bank aud some in canoes, to continue their bloody work up the river. They returned this evening, having only killed two natives. Very hot to-day. No news of the escaped prisoner Bugari, although search parties have been out.

Monday, February 6.—Went up to see Selim and to hear of his adventures yesterday. He told me that he found the bulk of the natives, perhaps 200, had passed down the river under cover of the darkness the previous night, and he only found three canoes with natives: he shot two and wounded more.

Upon reaching the place where ten of his men had been cut to pieces the preceding day, he found their fingers tied in strings to the scrub on the river bank, and some cooking pots containing portions of their limbs and bones, which the natives had had to abandon when they ran the gauntlet down the river. They must have had a big feed off the stout Manyema men!

Made a drawing of the burning of N'Gunga's village. Jameson painted a snake and an eel. Major B. and Jameson will probably go up to the Falls on Saturday to see Tippoo Tib, who must have returned from Kassongo. Stanley surely must have met with a defeat, or we should have heard from him. If they are all cut up, as we cannot help concluding, it will be a bad business, and we must go up at least 1,000 strong, as the natives, whoever they are, who have beaten them must be warlike and strong, and after their success they will probably be very devils to keep off. It becomes more serious day after day, and God only knows how we shall manage. 139° in the sun and 91° at sundown in the shade.

Tuesday, February 7.—This morning at about 9 A.M. a terrific thunderstorm came on, and lasted till midday; the afternoon and evening remaining dull and cloudy. The temperature was very low. My grass hut leaked miserably, and I have damp blankets to-night. We had a talk over this serious delay of Stanley's, and are much of an opinion that he has been cut off, if not worse. We hear a rumour that Tippoo Tib has returned from Kassongo, and has gone down to Rachid's, Lomami River, to

fight some big tribe. This river is now awfully low, the rocks in the rapids being quite bare. Too miserable to draw to-day.

Wednesday, February 8.—I am orderly officer to-day. An old empty cartridge-box was picked up in the river to-day; it was much broken and sodden. It must have been floating down the river for a very long distance. Selim bin Mohammed told me this morning that Bugari, the escaped prisoner, had told him, preparatory to escaping, that his life was not worth living, marching up and down in the sun all day, and that he knew he would be shot when caught, and that he intended shooting Barttelot dead before he would be captured. Miserably cold day. Another poor fellow dead. (Fifty-one graves). There are about thirty men who are simply skin and bones, unable to walk, and to see the poor dying wretches, their great hollow eyes staring at vacancy, sitting naked on the dusty ground, propped up by their elbows, with drooping heads, gradually dying, it is a hard sight. Poor devils! they do not seem to care an atom about death; in fact they seem apparently to look forward to it as a relief to their sufferings. They are nearly all slaves. They have lived hard, worked hard, and now are dying hard—it's hard luck indeed. I was working at the Kiswahili language all the afternoon, and am getting on well.

Thursday, February 9.—An Arab named 'Dumba came to me to-day to have his portrait drawn. He was very vain and particular about the folds of his spotless white muslin-like headdress and shirt. He gave me a very curious knife when I had done, and

thanked me with many Kiswahili compliments. Selim bin Mohammed also came and visited me, and gave me a knife of the same kind. I was again working at the language, translating from a Swahili book of tales and romances. Took some filthy kind of physic, and am much better to-day. A poor fellow, named Osmani, a Zanzibari, who was with me at Bangala when in the State service, died to-day. It was painful to see his large hollow eyes following me about, watching wistfully for a piece of tobacco or pinch of salt. The poor man was merely a mass of bones—a sad sight! (Fifty-three graves.) Temperature 130° in sun, 90° in shade. Bugari Mahommed captured and tried to-day. He will be shot to-morrow morning.

Saturday, February 11.—Very hot and muggy; 90° in shade. Selim bin Mohammed came down and had a long talk with me this morning. He will accompany Major B. and Jameson to the Falls next Tuesday. Translating Kiswahili; not feeling bright. Selim has sent a number of people down river to where N'Gunga's people have sought refuge. They are going to carry on their bloody work.

Sunday, February 12.—Was very sick to-day. Nothing of importance occurred. Very sultry; river extremely low.

Monday, February 13.—Jameson and Major B. are busy preparing for their journey to the Falls to-morrow. Had a chat with Selim this morning. Very sultry; heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon. Another man dead (fifty-four graves).

Tuesday, February 14.—Jameson, Major B. and Selim bin Mohammed started about eight o'clock this

morning for the Falls. I have moved into Jameson's house. Sketched two Zanzibaris. This evening, about six o'clock, ten large canoe-loads of N'Gunga's people came up the river, and returned to their village. 9 P.M. they are beating their spears (their drums being taken by the Arabs when they destroyed the village). Very dull and cold. Glass 75° inside at 12 P.M. We are very quiet now. Sorry Jameson's gone.

Wednesday, February 15.—Went on to the rocks out in the river to sketch the camp, but was disappointed with the view. Natives out in their canoes fishing. 'Kuja,' a Zanzibar, who deserted two days ago, was caught and brought back, and is to be in the guard-house until Barttelot's return. His defence was that he had no sense!

Thursday, February 16.—Another man dead (fifty-five graves). This morning Bonny picked out ten men for rifle practice; the mark was a big box at 200 yards; 100 shots and only one bullet struck. Five of the men did not want to shoot; one had bad eyes, another sore legs, &c., and of the remaining five, only one knew how to hold a gun. It is hard to have to trust our lives to such poor wretches as these, and I should not wonder if we are left in a hole with them yet.

Friday, February 17.—Wet day and miserably chilly. Natives fishing under the face of the fort. Everything quiet. They told me last night that two of the Arabs had gone out in the early morning to gather plantain and had not returned, and that it was feared they had been caught and eaten by the

Washeuzis below. Two kids (goats) were born this morning.

Saturday, February 18.—Rained during the night, and showery and heavy during the day. These rains appear to be only local, as the river remains very low. I went up to Selim's camp this afternoon to arrange for a model to draw to-morrow, and they told me that two more of their number had been caught and eaten by the natives whom they raided some weeks ago. This will probably make Selim angry, as he went with Barttelot much against his will, and only left a few men and his women.

This eternal waiting is awful; day after day passes; we see no strange face, we hear no news; our men are daily growing thinner and weaker, except in a few cases. Poor wretches! they lie out in the sun on the dusty ground, most of them with only a narrow strip of dirty cloth a couple of inches broad. There they lie all the lifelong day, staring at vacancy, perfectly aware that they will never live to leave this camp. It was a truly pitiable sight, a few days ago, to see an emaciated skeleton crawl, with the aid of a stick, after a corpse that was being carried on a pole for interment. He staggered along, poor chap, and squatted down alongside the newly-made grave, watching the proceedings with large round sunken eyes, knowing it was only a matter of a few days and he himself would be laid in the sod. He told me in a husky hollow voice, 'Amekwa rafiki angu' ('He was my friend'). One poor fellow in particular—he is a mere mass of bones—persists in doing his work, and every evening he staggers into camp. He has been told to lie up,

and his manioc shall be provided for him, but he refuses. He said to me in reply to my expression of sympathy on observing how thin he was, 'Only a short time more, Master!' Death is written in plain letters on many faces in this camp. Almost as many lives will be lost over this philanthropic mission as there are lives to save of Emin's people.

Sunday, February 19.—To-day was very hot, the sun registering 135° outside; no news of the captured Arabs; they have undoubtedly been eaten. Drew two Manyema warriors this morning, and sketched a number of heads, &c.

Monday, February 20.—Another man dead (fifty-six graves). A man named Juma Mohindi was reported dead by John Henry; but when, however, they went to carry the corpse for interment, having already dug the grave, the supposed dead man was alive, and asking for water to be sprinkled on his chest. 'The spirit has come back to that dead man, Master!' said John. 'An hour ago he was dead, cold, and stiff.' Had no sleep at all last night, and have been feeling very unwell to-day. In fact, I have taken no food. I feel very hot and feverish. Some Arabs returned from another raid down the river, on the opposite shore. They brought two large tusks, three or four women and five men natives. They had killed some who resisted. They tell me that they heard from a wandering band of natives that a steamer was up a river about sixteen days from here, Rua, and that there were white men buying food, &c., from them. In proof of their yarn they produced some beads they had received in barter.

It was rather picturesque to see these Arabs returning from the canoes, which they had made fast opposite our fort, and marching to their huts in Selim's camp; some carrying four or five big spears, earthenware cook-pots, &c., shields, mats, paddles, and numerous little nick-nacks which they had raided. Their prisoners were tied together, and loaded with cooking-pots, bark cloth, drums, &c., and two men, naked and bruised, bearing the tusks of ivory, which, judging from their size, would weigh about 75 to 80 lbs. each. All the captives were naked.

Tuesday, February 21.—Last night there came a terrific storm. The lightning followed in such rapid successive flashes as to appear like one big blaze. The thunder crashed over our heads until it became deafening, while the wind howled through the camp, playing havoc with the grass roofs of the huts. It actually blew down an enormous tree just at the back of Selim's camp. I fared badly, as usual, and had to get up and put my waterproof sheet over my mosquito curtain, or otherwise I should have been washed out. Everything soaked. Dull until twelve noon, and sunny afternoon; bright moon until 9 P.M. Now it is cloudy and thundering. The men who carried Barttelot's and Jameson's loads to Yalisula returned to-day. They report that Tippoo Tib is expected back from Kassongo in fifteen days with 1,000 men. Feeling very unwell to-day, and have taken some complicated tablets with unintelligible Latin abbreviations, which Bonny tells me will put some organ in activity, cause an overflow, and, in

fact, rearrange internal affairs on an improved system.

Wednesday, February 22.—Feeling much better this evening, the medicine having wrought wonders. John Henry was found out in some lying, underhand proceeding this morning and cleared out. Heri went after him and brought him back. He is tied up in the guard-house, and will have fifty lashes to-morrow morning. Made two successful drawings of a Manyema and Aruwimi woman's head. Had a very bad night, no sleep, and vomited. I was told, up in Selim's camp, that there were 150 men on their way here in connection with carrying our loads; I only hope it is true.

Thursday, February 23.—Sheik Nassibu visited us to-day; no news. I sketched Majuta, Jameson's boy. Feeling more myself again. Heavy thunderstorm. Heard from some returned Arabs, who came back to-day with a few trophies and women, that the natives of a tribe named 'Bessangata,' three days' canoe journey down the river on the other bank, had seen the white men before mentioned as being on the Rua River, *building a camp*. Nassibu told me that two of his people had been caught and eaten by the natives near Yambau. He promised to send me some pumpkins from his camp; very cold to-night; glass down to sixty-four.

Friday, February 24.—Another man dead (fifty-eight). Drew two of our sick men. At about 4 P.M. a number of Manyemas arrived, and they say that the remainder [about 150] will come in to-morrow. They are a wild-looking crowd, and seem to be much

interested in us white men; most of them have never before seen any whites. Great drumming, singing, &c. Am feverish to-night. There are lots of native slavewomen with the Manyemas.

Saturday, February 25.—Particularly hot day; 91° in shade, and 132° in the sun. More Manyemas came in to-day, drumming, singing, guns firing, &c.

Sheik Nassibu and five more Arabs came and visited me this morning. Made a drawing of Hadi bin Nassib, a typical Arab, who was one of my visitors; and also of a Manyema making grass-cloth (showing the hand-loom process). They were much interested with my sketches. Sketched a peculiar carved bowl which Bonny bought from the Manyemas. Feverish again this evening. I am in a deplorably bad way for clothes; the few things are shrunk and torn and cobbled until I can scarcely wear them. God only knows how I shall appear when this expedition is at an end, and we arrive once more in civilisation—no boots, that's a certainty.

Sunday, February 26.—I went this morning to Nassibu's camp, which is situated about one hour's march from here on the Falls' path. He received me with much ceremony, &c., and at my request drummed to the natives who were in two clearings at the back of his camp. A number came, and went through the usual demonstrations of surprise at seeing a white man. Among them I noticed some dozen fine young women, with pleasing countenances, beautifully-moulded limbs, with a bunch of grass string tied in knots through the numerous holes in the outer edge of their ears. They would be fine models for a sculptor. I selected a man to sketch,

but had much difficulty in making him sit still even for a minute. I sketched five heads altogether, but the sun was very strong and there was no shelter, so, as I found my eyes beginning to ache, I closed my book. They said I was casting a spell upon them, by looking up so constantly when drawing, and that the models would die. I showed them a water-colour sketch of an antelope, which caused much interest, about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of them crowding around me to see it; and also a water-colour sketch of a king-hunter. This fetched them immensely, and they said to each other, 'Neguenguengua' [*i.e.*, kingfisher]. They admired the snake tattooed on my arm, and were much interested with my hair, and the hair on my chest. I returned, bidding 'Kwa heri' to Nassibu and Hadi bin Nassib in passing. They gave me a big piece of antelope meat, dried. I had only just arrived in camp when rain came down in torrents, with the usual accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Troup and Bonny are at loggerheads over something, and are enjoying an animated wrangle as I write (9 P.M.) out on the promenade. Muini Chandi gave me a fine piece of native cloth.

Monday, February 27.—This morning an Arab of Nassibu's came and visited me, and said Hadi bin Nassib, who sent his 'Salaam, salaam kwa rafiki ake,' wanted a pocket-knife. I had to tell him that I had only one, but sent him a pair of trade scissors which I could never make cut. This gay and festive young man chatted away for a considerable time. Full moon to-night shining very brightly, quite sufficiently light to shoot game. Troup and

Bonny maintain a frigid air of indifference. No natives about on the other side.

Tuesday, February 28.—Nassibu and Hadi bin Nassib came and visited me this morning, and chatted over cannibals and their affairs. They told me that the friendly tribes who live around the Arabs' camp, generally accompany them upon their raiding excursions, and appropriate all the dead and wounded, whom they cut up and divide, drying the greater portion for future use. They said they had seen heaps of human flesh three feet high, cut up into serviceable joints. Commenced reading Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent,' which Jameson lent me from Jephson's kit. Very much absorbed, especially as we shall probably follow the same line of country some day.

Wednesday, February 29.—Hard at Stanley's book. Selim bin Mohammed returned this afternoon from the Falls; letter from Major Barttelot that Tippoo Tib has not yet returned, and that we shall probably find no difficulty in obtaining 500 fighting men in addition to the load-carriers.

March 1.—Selim came down and saw me this morning; said he had found a better road from Yalisula. No news, and he failed to bring me the things he promised; said the cloth was too dear, &c. . . . Still at Stanley's book; find it more and more interesting as I proceed. Selim seems very tired after his journey; says Tippoo Tib is bringing 1,000 men for us, and that there are 300 here and at the Lomami already.

Friday, March 2.—To add to our present misery, we now find fourteen cases of small-pox among

Selim's Manyemas, who have just come from Kassongo. This is the *first* day of it, and God only knows how things will go if the epidemic spreads. Our men, more than half of whom are suffering from eczema and starvation, will just die off like sheep, and there will be little chance of our using Tippoo Tib's 1,000 men when they do come, for they are all such a casual lot, that no precautions are taken to prevent the spread of the infection. Selim seems very cut up and sad about it. There is a storm hanging about. Still at H. M. S.'s 'Through the Dark Continent.'

Saturday, March 3.—No more cases of small-pox (ndui) have come out. One of Selim's head Arabs, Majuta, is below with twenty tusks of ivory. They say they will bring us back the two men who deserted from Stanley some months ago; they were sick and unable to travel, or they would have returned them before. This awful delay of news from Stanley bodes misfortune, and we are all compelled to conclude that he has met with trouble, and is in difficulties, if not worse. Finished the book, and have appreciated the wonderful work accomplished by a brave determined man, especially as I have had three and a half years' experience among the people who savagely fought him, and a portion of the country through which he so pluckily pushed his way. There is one man here, a Zanzibari, who was with him when he found Livingstone, and also when he crossed the Continent. I intend to draw his portrait to-morrow and take down the conversation. I hope to get an interesting batch of notes.

Sunday, March 4.—Drew a curious Manyema

bowl carved on the back of some legendary animal, half leopard and half elephant. Drew Uledi Pangana, and took notes of a conversation with him about his journey with Stanley in search of Livingstone, his death, and the carrying of the corpse to the coast; of his journey with Stanley 'through the Dark Continent,' and also his subsequent experiences on the Congo when he returned with Stanley in the first days of the founding of the State. Also his journeys to Uganda; his journeys to Tanganyika, and also his trip with Captain Carter elephant catching. This old chap has travelled in Africa as much, if not more, than any other man that I, at least, have ever heard of. Rained in the night. An Arab got into the fort last night.

Monday, March 5.—Nasaro bin Sayf, with a large number of slaves, roped together, and some five or six hundred pounds' worth of ivory, came down from Abdallah's further camp, seventeen days up this river. He brought back a Remington rifle which was found by his men in a native house when raiding a village; it must have belonged to a deserter from Stanley, who was caught and eaten by the natives, who confess having captured and eaten five of seven who were trying to get down the river in canoes. The two that escaped were taken by Nasaro and kept, because of their ulcerated legs; they were not fit to travel. They say that they were with Stanley going up-river for five months, and that they then came to very large rocks in the river, and the villages, which had hitherto been comparatively small, were there very large, even more populous than Basoko; that Stanley met some Arabs there who had come from south-east

direction to raid for ivory; that from there H. M. S. took his boat to pieces and struck in from the river. It took them about one month to return from there to Abdallah's further camp. This, curiously enough, tallies fairly well with the statements made by the other deserters. Stanley had had lots of fights, but no white men had been killed.

Tuesday, March 6.—Broiling hot day. 7 A.M.—There is a great demonstration taking place in Selim bin Mohammed's camp. The band, comprising three drummers and four women with rattles, ornamented with beads and elephant tail hairs, are sitting upon the eighteen tusks of ivory that came in yesterday, and are chanting their Manyema war-songs. This morning Selim's men, to the number of eighty or so, are going to attack a big village down the river, to raid it and capture slaves, which in due course of time will be resold for ivory. All the warriors with tufts of feathers on their heads, streaks of white chalk smeared on their faces and bodies, are receiving caps and powder for the coming fray. Great excitement prevails, and many are the superstitious words addressed to the locks of their 'Tower' cap-guns. Charms are being adjusted under the arm, the ammunition belt is hauled tight, and the warriors hurry to and fro boasting of the brave deeds they will perform in the coming struggle with the unsuspecting savages, who, however, may turn the tables on a few of them. No mercy or quarter is to be expected on either side, for the savages are goaded to fury by the sense of injustice, and the Manyemas are rendered relentless by the recollection of many murders committed by the natives upon

their people at different times, and the knowledge that they, the unfortunates, were eaten by the very people they are about to massacre. The Manyemas themselves are cannibals in their own country, but out here, under the Arabs, they affect horror at the eating of human flesh. The Arabs have told me that they punish such an offence by summary death, and let the natives have the corpse.

10 A.M.—I have just been down seeing the Arabs' men start in four large canoes for the scene of battle. It was rather a picturesque scene. Some of these wild-looking Manyemas had a piece of white cloth fancifully arranged on their heads, and various hues of brown and yellow native-made grass cloth around their loins and tied at the back of the neck. Most of them, however, were nearly naked. They had about twenty Arab flags—*i.e.* red flag with a white strip near the staff—and as the canoes drifted down stream the sonorous wooden drum was rattled, and the deep voices of the men chanted a kind of pathetic strain. They were chattering and boasting just before leaving about the amount of charge they had in their guns. Some by the ramrod measured two hands broad of powder and slugs, and there was a smile of satisfaction on their faces as they returned the ramrods into their sockets. Fortunate that those old-time muskets were made of such sterling stuff!

Many of these warriors who have not yet attained to the dignity of a gun are armed with bows and arrows, which are poisoned in the putrid carcase of some poor native. I am told that the natives eat every portion of the human body. Manyemas went on a raiding expedition, about twenty up river

and eighty down the river, in four big canoes. They will be away about five days. Sent my only pair of shoes to Stanley Falls to be sewn up. Am in a ragged condition. This eternal rice fare with occasional bits of dried goat-meat is absolutely sickening, and the little tea we have is like dried grass, and only runs to about one-fifth of an ounce a day. This is all we have to drink; the water is fatal, and is what gave me my dysentery.

Wednesday, March 7.—Very hot day; Nasaro bin Sayf and Selim came down to see my drawings, and I gave him a pair of old top-boots that I could no longer wear. Nasaro leaves to-morrow morning for Stanley Falls. 9 P.M.—A most extraordinary thing in lightning is taking place on the northern side of the river. Flash follows flash behind big heavy clouds, which are fringed with purple and a warm grey, and so perpetual are the lurid lights that they appear to be the bursts of flame from a volcanic range which is high up, many thousand feet, with the clouds in masses all around it. It is lighting all around, more or less, and the thunder rumbles ominously, giving us warning that before morning we shall probably be deluged with tropical rain. Another man dead—a Soudanese (sixty-one graves).

Thursday, March 8.—Very hot and sultry until about 3 P.M., and then we had a heavy thunderstorm, which lasted until the evening. Selim came down, and chatted with me about different things all the morning. He told me that if a white man came to Stanley Falls to buy ivory, he must pay in cash, and he would get tons.

Saturday, March 10.—Selim spent the morning

with me, and gave me much information about the European nick-nacks that Arabs are most fond of, and also about the price that ivory fetches. Our cook has a cap made from the uppers of two Belgian spring-side boots. The Zanzibaris that were sent up to Barttelot at the Falls on February 26 returned. Jameson has probably gone to Kassongo, and I may have to go to the Falls. He states that there has been an earthquake up there. Selim's men are giving the natives fits to-day.

Sunday, March 11.—Selim visited me this morning. His men who went up river returned to-day; they had shot three natives. The fellows who went down stream have not yet come back, but they have taken some canoes and slaves, and driven a number of natives back to their old village opposite. Selim was shooting at them to-day with his Martini (the one poor Dubois had when he was drowned) from the bank, but did no fatal injury. The sentinel knocked Fanymiba, Shamba's master, into the trench with his rifle, and I had to pay one axe to square the business. I am now able to converse quite fluently in Kiswahili; spend two or three hours a day at it. Muini Chandi came in to-day, looking very serious.

'How many Zanzibaris are dead?' he queried.

'Fifty-six,' I replied.

'Why, Master, in eighteen moons more we shall all die in this bad place!'

Monday, March 12.—Rained very heavily all the morning, and in the afternoon the Arabs fired upon twelve natives in a canoe, whom they persuaded to approach near their side. The poor devils jumped

into the water just above some bad rapids, and one fellow very pluckily swam back in the face of the fire, caught the drifting canoe, and, sheltering himself behind it, succeeded in pushing it along until they all got in and paddled away for dear life, the slugs whizzing all around them. Some of Selim's men, who were of the party who went down stream some days ago, returned this evening, and stated that they had killed and decapitated six men, and caught two, one of them being poor unfortunate N'Gunga. They will be in to-morrow morning with the captives, and two large canoes.

Tuesday, March 13.—Feruzi, one of our sick men, came in panting and looking very scared. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he had seen a lot of Selim's Manyemas eating and cooking the flesh of the natives they had just killed, and that when they saw him they had chased him with their guns. Selim tells me that his men have heard from the natives lower down the river, that there are white men in a steamer fighting the villagers of Basoko, at the mouth of this river.

Wednesday, March 14.—Was at work all day drawing native pots, pestle and mortar, &c. Poor N'Gunga came and visited me; he looks very thin, poor chap! They commenced selling fish to-day.

Thursday, March 15.—Some Manyemas tried to force an entry into the fort to-day, and pushed the Soudanese sentry away, throwing his rifle down. Lots of palaver, but things were satisfactorily arranged at last. New moon. Selim chatted nearly all the morning with me. Drew two native chairs. Very hot.

Friday, March 16.—Another man dead (sixty-five graves). At work all day, drawing native stools; very heavy storm during all the afternoon and evening. Selim came down and chatted with me.

Saturday, March 17.—Busy drawing pottery, &c. Selim came down and chatted both in the morning and evening. When I chaffed him about Tippoo Tib's greatness, and our waiting nine months for the 700 men, Selim assured me that they would come in time. When I remarked that I did not think the Manyemas were able to carry our loads, he replied that they do not carry their loads on their heads, they sling them on their backs, and that the women would probably carry most of the loads, while the men would 'play the soldier' with their guns.

Sunday, March 18.—Very hot day. Drawing native utensils, &c. Selim and old N'Gunga came down and chatted during the morning.

Tuesday, March 20.—Selim spent the whole morning with me, and was teaching me the Arabic characters. An Arab came in from down river, and said Hadi bin Nassib had gone over to the place where the natives said they had seen a white man in a steamer some time ago. I can't help fancying that they must have gone up the Mobangi, as a shield that came from there, which was lent me to draw, was identical with those that I have seen down by the mouth of the Mobangi and about Bangala. Some of Selim's men came back from a raid down river, and told me they had killed five natives, and got two tusks of ivory, one of which was broken off short. Drew two or three native utensils. Nassibu has not yet returned, and I cannot therefore make up my

Kibabutu vocabulary. No news from the Falls or of Stanley.

Wednesday, March 21.—Maripiku wadi Boheti died to-day. I drew the portrait of this poor chap last month. Selim has received news from the Falls that there are a great number of Manyemas on their way there from Kassongo, but that Tippoo Tib is not with them. Jameson has not yet gone to Kassongo; awaiting the arrival of the men with news. Some of Selim's men down river, at a place called Tichua, have met with reverses, but as yet nothing definite is known.

Thursday, March 22.—Very hot day, and the meat of a goat we killed the previous evening has gone bad. Working at Kingwana and the Arabic characters.

March 23.—Nassibu came this afternoon, but I was asleep. He had been very ill with dysentery. Selim spent the morning with me, chattering about different matters. I am making quite rapid strides in the Kingwana language.

March 24.—Dull and raining. Major B. has returned from the Falls. Jameson has gone to Kassongo, and I am to start in five days to go down to the coast, and cable home to the Committee:—

'No news of Stanley since writing last October. Tippo Tib went Kassongo November sixteenth, but up to March has only got us two hundred and fifty men; more are coming, but in uncertain numbers and at uncertain times. Presuming Stanley in trouble, absurd for me to start with less numbers than he did, I carrying more loads, and minus "Maxim" gun; therefore have sent Jameson

Kassongo to hasten Tippo in regard to remainder of originally promised six hundred men, and to obtain from him as many fighting men as possible up to four hundred; to make most advantageous terms he can as regards service and payment of men, he and I guaranteeing money in name of Expedition. Jameson will return about May fourteenth, but earliest date to start will be June first. When I start, propose leaving officer with all loads not absolutely wanted at Stanley Falls. Ward carries this message. Please obtain wire from King Belgians to Administrator "Free State," to place carriers at his disposal, and have steamer in readiness to convey him Yambuya. If men come before his arrival, start without him. He should return about July first. Wire advice and opinion. Officers all well. Ward awaits reply.

'BARTTELOT.

'William Mackinnon (Gray, Dawes & Co.),
14 Austin Friars, London.

Both Jameson and Barttelot have been very sick at the Falls, and indeed Barttelot looks most awfully ill, and a bad grey colour. There is no doubt the Arabs are playing a double game, and there is no means of finding out anything from them. I expect to have a pretty hard job to pass some of those populous places, like Monungeri, Upoto, Mobeka, &c., but we shall have to make them smell powder, or else be cooked and eaten. This is all very startling news; and I do not know whether it is a step in the right direction or not.

Sunday, March 25.—Busy all day talking over the plans, &c., concerning my journey down to the coast. I now act as interpreter; arranged with

Selim bin Mohammed and Seid about canoes and the purchase of paddles. I am to start in four days from here, to embark at Yangambi, below Yalisula. Major B. had a bad fever and ague fit, and looks awfully bad; poor fellow, I feel quite sorry for him.

Monday, March 26.—Busy all day copying letters, &c. According to my letter of instructions, I am to start from here on Wednesday morning. Selim bin Mohammed and Seid were down in the morning. Picked my men, and elected Muini Hamici, alias Uledi Pangani, as the chief. Troup will accompany me to see me off, and he will then proceed to the Lomami River on the south bank of the Congo to purchase goats.

Tuesday, March 27.—Very busy packing. I start to-morrow morning. Selim gave me three magnificent ivory war-horns, and a curious knife. Headache from unusual excitement. Poor Barttelot is almost beside himself with his fever, weakness, and the preparation of letters for me. Barttelot, Troup, and Bonny all seem anxious about my safety.

Received my 'marching orders' as follows:—

'*Copy of instructions to Mr. Ward on proceeding to Banana Point, for purpose of sending telegram to Committee.*

'You will leave this camp, Yambuya, March 28th, with thirty Zanzibaris and five Soudanees, and march to Ngambi on the Congo. There you should find two canoes ready for you; lash these two together, embark your men and provisions, and start without delay down river to Bangala.

'At Bangala hand my letters to the chief of the

station. Disarm the Zanzibaris, and hand their arms over to the chief of the station, making arrangements for the immediate return here of Zanzibaris and Soudanees. Should this not be possible, they must remain at Bangala till your return, receiving, the Soudanee officer, two metako per day, and the rest, half a metako. On return, arms to be handed back to Zanzibaris.

'You yourself, with the aid of the chief of Bangala Station, will obtain Bangalas and canoe to transport you to Leopoldville. Arriving there, you will hand my letter to chief of station, who will supply you with carriers, and you will proceed at once to Matadeè, and there embark for Banana Point. At Boma you will put up at the English House, and give my letter to the Governor-General of the Free State. On arrival at Banana you will ascertain which is the nearest, St. Thomé or St. Paul de Loanda, to send a cable home from, and to the nearest of these two you will proceed and send the telegram handed to you at Yambuya to Mr. William Mackinnon. You will await reply; on receiving which, you will proceed back with all despatch to Leopoldville. From reaching Boma on your downward journey, to returning to that place on your return journey you will receive 25*s.* per diem. You will give my letter to Mons. Fontaine at Banana, who will find you sufficient moneys for the telegram and all other expenses.

'You must remember despatch is to be used.

'On arrival at Leopoldville on your return, you will proceed up river with all despatch, bringing Tippoo Tib's loads with you to Ngambi on the Congo.

There you will learn if I have started for the lakes or not. Should I have started, you will proceed to the Falls, where you will find a letter of instructions awaiting you. If I have not started, send a messenger to me here, and await my arrival at Ngambi with the steamer. An accurate account of your expenditure must be kept, one copy of which must be sent to Mr. William Mackinnon, c/o Gray, Dawes & Co., 14 Austin Friars, E.C., and one for myself. You will purchase while at Banana, on behalf of the Expedition, two cases of champagne, and four cases of tin meat, each case to contain fifteen tins of 2 lbs. weight, and thirty matchettes.

'EDMUND M. BARTTELOT, *Major.*
'*Commanding Yambuya Camp.*
'March 27, 1888.'

CHAPTER XII

Wednesday, March 28.—Sent my men off at 6 A.M., but Troup and I were prevented from starting for three hours after on account of very heavy thunderstorm. We had an awful day's work in the forest, as it rained more or less all day, and my men staggered about and were quite unable to get along. Poor fellows, they seem to have no spirit left, and are in a very emaciated condition. We camped in the swampy forest. Ali bin Mohammed said he could not walk.

Thursday, March 29.—Under way again; more rain; forest dense, and swamps up to one's waist in many places. Arrived in the further village of Yaweko at sundown. Had to distribute ammunition, and repack some to lighten the loads.

Friday, March 30.—Away at sunrise, and struck the new road to Yangambi. Had a very long march to-day—quite twenty-five miles through dense dark forest—most tiring and trying to the eyes. Troup and I, with only one man, arrived in Yangambi at dark. My blankets came in at midnight. Ate raw corn, and drank malafu.

Saturday, March 31.—Remainder of men came in. Seid had not come down river with my other canoe and paddles, so could not start. Fixed my big canoe,

flooring, roof, &c. From all I hear I shall have to fight my way down river, because large numbers of Arabs had been driven back. Rachid said I should encounter much peril. I drew him and one of his wives, and worked during the afternoon at lashing the two canoes together. Heavy storm in evening.

Got the following letter from Bartelott :—

Yambuya Camp: March 30, 1888.

WARD,—I am sending this to warn you to be very careful in the manner you behave below—I mean as regards pecuniary matters. I shall require at your hands a receipted bill for everything you spend, and should you be unable to purchase the champagne and the watch, you will not draw that 20*l*. The slightest attempt at any nonsense I shall be down upon you for. I have given you a position of trust, so see that you do not abuse it. You will send me a receipt of this letter.

(Signed) EDMUND M. BARTTELOT, *Major*.

Have replied: consider letter gross insult, and will demand explanation and satisfaction on my return.

Tuesday, April 3.—Had a good breakfast with Rachid; pleasant chat with his wife, Yohurr, and started, the centre of attraction and curiosity with the large assembly of natives and Arabs. We went along better than I had expected, and by about 5 P.M. were in sight of the islands opposite the mouth of the Aruwimi River. Drums struck up on both sides of the river, and as it grew dark we could distinguish large canoes following us at some distance. At about 11 P.M. we saw a string of canoes drawn up across

the river, and we were all prepared for war; but as we approached they cleared out, and only yelled at us from a neighbouring island. We sighted a large dark mass in the middle of the river about midnight, and made for it; but, fortunately for us, we just had time to sheer off and swept by a large fallen tree. In the early hours of the morning the war-horns, combined with the big drums and the people's yells, kept us all on the alert. None of us had any sleep last night.

Wednesday, April 4.—Many natives, at different times, followed down for a long distance, but kept well out of range. Horns and drums continue. Heavy storm came on at about 9 A.M. and lasted until 3 P.M. The Congo is very high. At 5 P.M. we sighted a very large village on left bank, and the natives were very wild. They manned their big canoes, and their drums and horns echoed for miles. They followed us down for three miles to another large village, yelling and shouting. We counted six large canoes with about thirty men in each, and their arms glistened in the sun; but they kept out of range, and we sheered off behind an island just at the height of their excitement. The night was cloudy, and we kept in mid-stream, and only heard the drum and horn alarms. I got a little sleep towards morning, as we passed down a long reach of swampy forest. Saw no canoes all night.

Thursday, April 5.—Beautiful sunrise. Came on three abandoned canoes drifting down stream; their crews were scared and had taken to the bush. About 10 A.M. we sighted a large village on right bank, and

some fishermen answered our calls of peace in Kibangi. They said they belonged to the big village Morimja. They were not so afraid, but we could not get them nearer than 200 yards. At midday we met some more fishing canoes, and another large village on right bank. Some well-manned canoes came out, but kept a respectful distance, and danced and threw up water at us in derision. They would not tell us their tribe or the name of their village. Later on in the afternoon we paddled down close to a large village on right bank, which they call 'Dobbo.' But the people were adverse to our landing. We, however, went alongside the perpendicular bank, and hung on to some of their canoes. They soon came in crowds on the bank and all around us on the river-side in their canoes, and sold us kwanga, fowls, bad eggs, sugar-cane, small goats, &c. After twenty minutes the crowd was so dense (there were about 500), and so high was the excitement and avarice, that I considered it best to clear out before we came to blows. We parted friends. An hour later we put in to shore for firewood. We must be getting near to Upoto; by the course of the river it was north-west and we are now almost due west. I am afraid we shall have trouble with Upoto. They gave Van Kerckhoven a good battle, and killed several of his Zanzibaris, and he was in a steamer which had been padded, and had many men. The Upoto people have many guns, and it was these populous tribes that caught the Houssas last year who deserted Deane. The natives had passed all the other bad places successfully. They ate five and sold four back to the State. When we passed up last July we could not

make friends with Upoto. I am rather in hopes of getting past to-night. About 8 P.M. we took what appeared to be a clear reach, but the night was so cloudy and dark that we had gone down quite two miles in a narrow, reedy, sand shoal, and we were all hard at work until past midnight before we could get back. All the men were in the water. The Soudanese, singing and pushing, behaved awfully well, and did more than all the Zanzibaris together. The remainder of the night was uneventful and I got a little sleep.

Friday, April 6.—At early dawn we sighted the Upoto Hills; put in to get more firewood, as we had to abandon our stock last night in the swamp. Natives skurrying about in the distance in their canoes. We kept the south bank. At about 1 P.M. we responded to the earnest invitations of the natives, whose village on the south bank is nearly opposite Upoto. These people were very friendly and sold all manner of food to my men—fish, fowl, plantain, kwanga, &c. Of course, they were very noisy and excited at seeing such a rum-looking craft as ours for the first time; but all went well, and after about one hour's roaring, bartering, and gesticulating, we went on our way. I hope to get into Bangala to-morrow night. What with whiffs of smoke, dried fish, high meat, sour manioc, and other eatables which the men have invested in, I cannot enjoy much fresh air, so I smoke my pipe. Very hot day; don't think Jameson's thermometer could register the heat here without an accident. Went bowling along during the remainder of the day. Saw no natives, and passed down some very narrow

reaches among some ugly snags. Kept the north bank. The night was uneventful; rained in early morning.

Saturday, April 7.—Still keeping the north bank; narrow channels among low swampy islands. Another very hot day. Nothing occurred until about 3 P.M. when we met four natives in two canoes, who told us that we could not get to Bangala until to-morrow morning; but they did not reckon on our going night and day. They were very friendly, and accepted my little present of kowries with evident satisfaction. They had the Upoto tribal tattoo marks on their faces, and said their village was Nduboa. I was able to chat with them to my surprise, for I thought I had quite forgotten my Ki-bangi. Low islands with dense jungles and forest continue, and they seem quite submerged in these parts. In the night, about 10 P.M., we got into a narrow channel, and, like cannons, several hippopotami rushed for the water from the narrow reedy banks. Some were almost on to us, whilst the water surged and turned us about, until I was almost afraid one of the monsters would take it into his head to give us a knock, which, it is needless to state, would have been the end of our canoe journey. About midnight we passed some villages on the north bank. At one their drums beat, and a very gruff voice challenged us. 'We are friends, children of Stanley, going to Bangala; we are peaceable;' but the gruff voice replied, that 'If we were what we said, why did we travel in the dark? We lied, and they would come to us presently and fight, for we were like thieves.' We laughed at them, and went on, but the

night was so intensely dark, that we hauled alongside the bank until daybreak.

Sunday, April 8.—At very earliest streak of dawn we were off again, and passed many villages on the north bank that are new to me since my time at Bangala in 1886. I feel convinced of the advantage the natives in this district have derived from intercourse with civilisation in the shape of the station, and their emigrations to Boma as police. I do not hesitate to say that I think the Bangalas are the coming people in the Congo State Territory. They have become useful, pleasant people in about *two years*. It seems like coming amongst old friends again as we draw nearer Bangala. We have made the journey much quicker than anyone would have thought possible. 10 A.M.—The natives of the villages we are passing are all very anxious to sell us food; they invite us to their villages to drink 'massanga' with their chiefs, and are full of merriment and chaff. They are much surprised at our big canoes, and that we have come all the way from Stanley Falls. They think there has been another fight with the Arabs, and that we are fugitives. Abu Bak, the Soudanese officer, has been very ill with dysentery ever since we left Yangambi, and to-day he is worse—thin, and unable to stand. It is very pleasant to see what attention is paid him by my four soldiers; they are four of the biggest ruffians of the crowd, picked on account of their pluck—and they are as tender to poor old Abu Bak as any white woman nurse could be. We got into Bangala at about 8.30 P.M., and the whole station turned out in great alarm, thinking we were the Arabs. I was

well received, had some wine and food, and then arranged to start first thing in the morning to try to catch the 'Stanley,' which had only left that same morning. I slept on board the A.I.A. so as to be all ready for an early start, and Werner, the English engineer (the only Englishman left in the State), came down and told me what had happened in these parts during my year's absence up the Aruwimi River. The list of deaths was appalling, and among them, Comber, Reichlein, Mrs. Harvey, Rothkirch, were, I may say, particular friends of mine, whilst there were numerous others. We sat up nearly the whole night talking.

Monday, April 9.—I shifted my traps in a small canoe, delivered my thirty Zanzibaris, five Soudanese, their rifles and ammunition, over to Van Kerckhoven, who will take them back to Yambuya in the A.I.A., and started with twenty-five brave Bangala niggers. We just flew along during the whole day and night; a heavy storm came on about midnight and nearly swamped us; the canoe was small, and I had no covering.

Tuesday, April 10.—Another heavy storm of rain, &c. At midday I got into the Equator Station, where, to my great delight, was the 'Stanley,' getting up steam to start. I was again awfully well received; saw Monsieur Boulanger, and the missionaries, Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Banks. We started at 2.30 P.M. and camped on the south bank. The Belgians are astonished to hear that the Arabs are friendly. It appears that Van der Welde and Stillmann were to have gone to the Falls, but Van der Welde died at Leo, and Stillmann got very ill and

had to return to Europe. The captain's servant is a boy from a village named Ndembo, near Lukungu, and he entertained me until late with local news of my old native friends. He says that I am reported dead down at Lukungu.

Wednesday, April 11.—Away at daylight. Travelling on board this steamer is a very great improvement upon the canoe business. All the fellows are very interested with my stories about the Arabs and their doings. My sketches were much appreciated. We got into Lukolela 7 P.M., after a very heavy tornado, which forced us to anchor for a couple of hours. Richards and Darby, of the B.M.S., are here and are well.

Thursday, April 12.—We left Lukolela at 6 A.M. this morning. I exchanged some curiosities with Monsieur Baert. He also made me a present of a small box of colours. Camped for wood on south bank, 5 P.M.

Friday, April 13.—Away at 5.30 A.M. Heard from Monsieur Baert that Captain Bore had shot himself at Verona. What a fatal country this is! Obtained by exchanges a very beautiful Equator shield, and two assegais from the little Dutch engineer. The captain, a Swede, named Shogestrom, is a really fine fellow. I consider him to be one of the best men the State ever had: a six-foot, broad-built fellow, simple and frank, with much hard work about him. He devotes himself thoroughly to his duty. Stanley much admired him. What fatality there seems to be connected with all the Europeans *who have* had to go to the Falls! First, Benny shot *himself; second,* a Belgian officer died on his way

up; third, Wester, who went home very ill; fourth, Deane, who underwent awful perils; fifth, Dubois, who was drowned; sixth, Van der Welde, who died the other day at Leopoldville, *en route* to the Falls; seventh, his companion, Stillmann, who got sick, and had to clear off home to save his life; and eighth, Amelot, who died on his way, in Zanzibar.

Saturday, April 14.—At 8 A.M. this morning we saw an encampment opposite Kwamouth, and the smoke from a gun in the forest. It was old Deane, and he came out in his canoe and chatted for about ten minutes. He had just knocked over an elephant. He was looking well, though very thin, and was dressed in an old pair of blue trousers, cloth shirt and cap, and his beard was long and ragged. He seemed very pleased to see me, and at first, before he understood that I was going to the coast to send this cable and return, he said: 'If you are going down, why not come and stay with me here? I am all alone, and we are old friends.' He was surprised at my getting down in canoes without fighting, and complimented me upon it. Poor old Deane! I am very fond of him. During a conversation with a Belgian officer, Monsieur Baert, upon the Arab situation up in the country round about the Falls, he said: 'Among us [Belgian officers in the Congo State and in Brussels] it was pronounced very short-sighted policy on Stanley's part, appointing Tippoo Tib to be the Chief of the Falls.' 'But stay,' said I; 'Stanley only suggested such an action, for before finally settling anything at Zanzibar, the agreement, &c., was sent home to His Majesty the King of the *Belgians* to be ratified and sanctioned; therefore

Stanley cannot be in any way blamed.' 'No, but if he is not legally accountable, he is at least morally responsible. It was Stanley who brought the Arabs to the Falls eleven years ago, and he is really the cause of their being where they are to-day!' I stated that I thought if the State officers who are going up to the Falls only temporise and are politic, there will be no trouble. I know the Arabs are very eager to get traders up from the West, and they would very soon conform to the State regulations, as far as confining their raiding within certain limits is concerned. At present it costs twelve pounds sterling to get one load up from the East coast, putting aside the long time it takes *en route*, the heavy dues to the kings of the intervening country through which it passes, and the taxes due to the Sultan at Zanzibar. These, I urged, are sufficient reasons alone to induce the Arabs to conform to State rule. Monsieur Baert replied that what I had said might be very true; but that during the next few years, after the Khartoum Arabs had met and co-mingled with Tippoo Tib, as they assuredly would after Stanley opening up this Aruwimi route, there would be trouble. He said that if Tippoo Tib had been appointed Chief of the Falls in the first instance, all would have been well; but now, after the loss of the station, the appointment was very serious. Better it would have been if the station had been forcibly retaken, and then for Tippoo Tib to have received his post. 'And,' inquired I, 'what are your propositions now for confining the Arabs to the south of the Falls?' 'Well,' he continued, 'we Belgian officers out here think that a station or line of stations

should be made across the country at Basoko, fully fortified and armed; that all the natives should be armed with cap-guns to the extent of several thousand, and that they should be led on to fight for themselves against the Arabs.' 'That's very good,' said I; 'but, supposing you wanted to disarm the natives afterwards, their strength would be very great, and they would probably turn out to be as bad as the Arabs.' 'Oh, that is a very simple matter,' was the quick retort. '1st, stop giving them caps; or, 2nd, give them dynamite in place of powder, and they would all blow themselves to bits.' I am quite confident that the Belgians will have much trouble before settling the slave-raiding business. They do not know the country, and they are not strong enough, and never will be in my opinion, to cope with the Arabs. These Arabs in a few weeks could concentrate several thousand experienced and armed fighters, who know the country like a book, and would have the additional zest given them for fighting by the fact that they are the attacked party, and, if defeated, several years of their labour would be lost, and their chances of gaining wealth be wrested from them. Of course, if shut off at Zanzibar, they would have no outlet.

Sunday, April 15.—We camped yesterday very early (11.30 A.M.), only three hours this side of Kwamouth in fact, in order to cut sufficient wood to take us into the Pool. Away this morning at 5.30 A.M. Arrived in Leopoldville at 4.30 P.M., staying at Kinchassa for twenty minutes *en route*. Lieut. Liebrichts was very polite and obliging; he said I could have as many men as I wanted, and

start down country the following morning. I found letters from Europe awaiting me. I got a donkey and rode over to Kinchassa in the dark to see Glave, who was starting up river the following morning in his new little stern-wheeler, the 'New York,' commonly called the 'Pup.' I sat up the whole night with him, talking.

Monday, April 16.—At daybreak I had a wash up, and dropped into Greshoff's place and had a cup of cocoa and a chat for a few minutes. I called into Grenfell's (the Baptist Missionary Society), and found him at breakfast. Ate a little civilised provision. Dr. Sims and Mrs. Grenfell were among the company. Major Parminter came in, and he, Dr. Sims, and myself went down to Leo in a canoe. I then got my old native friends together; they seemed really very well pleased to see 'Mayala Mbemba' (Eagle Wings —my native name) back again, and asked me any number of questions about the far interior. I arranged my loads, and got away from Leo station amid the gushing adieus of about twenty-five Belgians, who looked upon me as a sort of curiosity, having descended the river in a canoe while they had been nine months deliberating before venturing up in the ss. 'Stanley.' I called in at the station of the B.M.U., and again hit off the mealtime. I overtook a Dutchman on the road who had started that morning at 7 A.M. We slept at N'Gomas-town, and had three hours' tramp in a heavy thunderstorm. It was blinding and cold as ice, while just previous to the downfall it was suffocating.

Tuesday, April 17.—We got away a little after *daybreak. At 3* P.M. I swam in the Cataract River,

and at 4 P.M. there came one of the severest storms I ever remember; the rain-drops were like hailstones, and they cut like knives; the grass, which was about six to nine feet high, was blown flat across the path, along which the water streamed knee-deep, rendering it impossible to follow it; cold as ice again, and so dark that ten yards was all we could see around. The thunder was fearful, and two or three flashes nearly made me fall, they were so vivid and electrifying. At 7 P.M. we found the little village of Kintompi, and I went into a hut where a fire was cheerfully burning. I found there was only myself and boy to take shelter, and we had no dry clothes or blankets. The carriers had taken refuge behind trees. I had to pass the night sitting over the fire. At midnight I had a vomiting fit, and a heavy thunderstorm lasted until daybreak. I felt very sick, and did not sleep at all.

Wednesday, April 18.—I felt unwell this morning. My feet are sore and skinned with the unusual exercise, and my boots are fastened together with bits of twine. But I don't care one straw about these little inconveniences. I mean to get down to the coast *this month.* I arrived at the Nzadi Nkissi at about 2 P.M., but the canoes were on the opposite bank, and would not come over for us, as the rains, which have been exceptionally heavy this season, had swelled the river to such an extent that it has become a veritable torrent. I had to wait until 5 P.M. before I could bribe them to cross (I promised to pay fifty brass rods). We had to make two journeys, and it was very ticklish work. I had my boots off ready

for an emergency. By the time we reached the top of the hill the rain came down in torrents, and it thundered until the earth shook. It being sundown I decided to stay, and will make an early start to reach Lutete to-morrow night. These last two days I have done forty-nine miles by the missionary reckoning; my feet are inflamed and sore. Plenty of old friends in this village, and they crowded around me to hear of the men-eating natives and the Arabs away up at the Falls. I had forgotten a lot of this Kikongo language during my year's absence, but now by continually talking to my carriers I can rattle away as well as ever.

Thursday, April 19.—Away early, before daylight in fact, and, after a really hard day's work, with two big rivers to cross, not counting the smaller streams, which were very much swollen, I got into Lutete, the station of the Baptist Mission Society, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Holman Bentley. I was very tired and footsore, having had a long march (twenty-seven miles), with wet boots, &c. I received much kindness from my old friends here.

Friday, April 20.—Away about 8 A.M.—stiff. Another good long day (twenty-five miles), and I reached Manyanga at sundown, and put up for the night with young Parminter, who is residing here and carrying on the transport for the Sanford Expedition. I could not sleep, and had no appetite, the exercise having been too much, I suppose. Not that the distance was anything extraordinary, but the hills, frequent storms, long grass (frequently 15 to 20 feet high), slippery paths, and swollen torrents with glassy, slippery, rocky bottoms, and the intense heat

of the sun, which at intervals blazes out with terrible fierceness, completely handicapped me.

Saturday, April 21.—Away again, early, and lunched with a Dutchman at Ndunga, reaching Lukunga Station in the afternoon in the heavy storm.

Sunday, April 22.—Got twelve Manyanga boys from Lieut. St. Marc, the chief of the station, and away in another storm, which lasted until 3 P.M. Camped at N'Gumi.

Monday, April 23.—Away at daybreak, and had a real bad day's journey, having to cross some almost impassable streams. Arrived at Lukunga Stream, which had overflowed its banks for about half a mile on both sides; crossed it after sundown, and camped with some missionaries of Bishop Taylor's Mission.

Tuesday, April 24.—Away again at daybreak, and rattled along with sore feet—very sore and swollen, and reached M'Banga Mantéka at sundown; found my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Ingram here, and was, of course, treated uncommonly well; spent a pleasant evening with them, and chatted until past midnight. Casement was away elephant hunting.

Wednesday, April 25.—Left Ingram's about 7.30 A.M., well fortified with a good breakfast, and trudged along all day until evening, camping at N'Kama N'Kosi Stream. No tent, and all loads behind. I had gone too far for my porters, so had to pass the night in wet clothes, and no supper or breakfast.

Thursday, April 26.—Away at early dawn, and

after a most painful march of over twenty-six miles over quartz mountains, under a violent burning sun, I got into Mpallaballa, the Mission Station of the A.B.M.U. Here were Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and I was treated with the utmost consideration and kindness. I was worn out upon arrival here, and came trudging into the station as the sun was going down, in veritable *rags*, and with clay mud sticking to me up to the arm-pits from crossing swollen rivers. My feet were very swollen, and I shall apparently suffer from ulcers, caused from scratching my feet where the insects had bitten them.

Friday, April 27.—Away late, as my men had had to camp far back; reached Matadi Station after a very unpleasant march over the intervening quartz mountains, which Stanley used to call 'the Heart Breakers.' Found the steamer had left for Boma the previous day, so went on to N'Kala-N'Kala; had dinner at 6 P.M. and started at 7 P.M. in the little dingy for Boma.

Saturday, April 28.—We got into Boma this morning about half-past 3 A.M., woke up Ainsworth, and breakfasted; at 6.30 I went down to see the Governor, Monsieur Jannsens. He at once placed the ss. 'Belgique' at my disposal to take me down to Banana, and said he would send a special messenger up to the Pool to order the ss. 'Stanley' to await my return until June 1. Arrived in Banana at 3.30 P.M., turned in at 10 P.M., but could not sleep, although for the past month I had hardly had four hours' consecutive rest at a time, and last night I was travelling and got no rest whatever. About 2 P.M.

I went out on to the beach with a blanket around me, and sat by the edge of the waves, thinking.

Sunday, April 29.—Washed, dressed, and again sat watching the sea and the far distant horizon; went to Dutch House to breakfast, and during the meal the Portuguese mail arrived. Sailed from Banana about 6 P.M.

Monday, April 30.—Arrived at Ambri, and stayed there at anchor for the most part of the day; then up anchor and away, arriving at the foot of Loanda at about 11 P.M. Not feeling well; my foot is very inflamed. I stayed on board until the morning.

Tuesday, May 1.—Went ashore at 6 A.M.; visited the firm of Newton, Carnegie & Co., who were very kind, and assisted me in clearing my traps from the Customs. Called upon Van der Must, of the Dutch House, and delivered a large package of paper money, which Fontaine had entrusted to my charge, and then, having re-written my cable upon a proper telegraph form, I went to the Post Office and despatched it. I then went to the French Hotel, a frightfully dirty and dear place, but good cooking, the proprietor being a professional. I found he had no accommodation for to-night, but to-morrow he said he would have a vacant room. I breakfasted here, and then returned to the Dutch House and accepted the hospitality of Herr Van der Must. In the evening after dinner we went up to the Palace Gardens, where the military band played. This I enjoyed immensely, as it is going on for four years since I've heard any music of any kind except the war horns and drums of the Upper Congo savages.

Wednesday, May 2.—I purchased several things

in the shape of clothes, shirts. I also shaved, and got myself up. I was much astonished at the change in my appearance; it is decidedly for the better. My leg pains me very much to-day, and I went to a doctor's shop to get it fixed. The sores were originally mosquito bites, which I scratched until they became perfect ulcers.

Thursday, May 3.—Went up with Nightingale, a particularly nice fellow, to pay respects to the Governor; as he was away in the interior, I saw his secretary. The Palace has an air of faded grandeur, coats of arms painted on the ceilings, cobwebs and sleepy officials, &c.

Friday, May 4.—No reply to my cable yet. I have been enjoying myself immensely, and by the kindness of Nightingale, who is the acting chief of Newton, Carnegie & Co., I have been out riding every afternoon, on board a fine grey mare, a descendant of the old-time cavalry horses of the troops here. This was magnificent!—a gallop over the grassy heights with fine fresh air blowing into one's lungs; a really superb view of the city and shipping. I enjoy every minute of my life down here. I may be burst up with some fatal sickness or something of the kind when I go back, so I just enter into as much pleasure as I can get while I have the chance. I find very much hospitality here, everyone is pleasant to me. There is no doubt that I am having the best time in the Expedition just at present. I often think of poor old Jameson and Troup up there, hungry, &c., while I am in clover, or luxury rather.

CHAPTER XIII

On May 6 I received the reply of the Committee in London to the cable I had despatched by instruction of Major Barttelot. It was as follows:—

'Major Barttelot, care Ward, Congo.

'Committee refer you to Stanley's orders of June 24, 1887. If you cannot march in accordance with these orders then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley. Committee do not authorise engagement of fighting men. News has been received from Emin Pasha, viâ Zanzibar, dated Wadelai, November 2. Stanley was not then heard of. Emin Pasha is well, and is in no immediate want of supplies, and goes to south-west of lake to watch for Stanley. Letters have been posted regularly viâ East.

(Signed) 'Chairman of Committee.'

Anxious as I naturally was to set out at once on my return journey with this cable from the Committee, I was nevertheless unable to proceed for ten days, as there was no steamer to take me back to the mouth of the Congo. I started on the 16th and reached Matadi on the 20th. I had to wait at

Matadi for four days for native carriers, and, as I was further delayed at Lukunga and Manyanga by similar reasons, I was unable to get to Leopoldville till June 11. Here I caught the small State paddle-steamer, the 'En Avant,' which left on the 15th. On July 3 we met 'Le Stanley' on her way down the river from Yambuya, and, to my surprise, I found poor Troup on board. He was invalided, and on his way home. This was the first opportunity of my getting any news from the camp since my departure in March. I was not, however, able to glean very much information from Troup. The poor fellow was not fit for very much talking. He had been having an exceedingly bad time of it, and so prostrated for several weeks that he was completely out of everything as regards camp management and affairs at Yambuya. The little I did learn was to the effect that there had been a tremendous row between Barttelot and Tippoo Tib as regards the weight of the loads, and that some very angry passages had occurred, which at one time threatened to result in Tippoo's people attacking Major Barttelot for a supposed insult to their chief. It appeared Major Barttelot had suggested, by way of a compromise of a difficulty which had arisen, that the usual load of sixty pounds should be reduced one-half; that he subsequently endeavoured to have the loads made up over forty pounds weight; and that Tippoo Tib had accused him of a breach of contract. Further

difficulties had arisen in consequence of quarrels between our people and the Manyemas in the manioc fields, and in a word things were all at sixes and sevens. He further told me that Jameson had had a very interesting and successful trip to Kassongo, and made some very good sketches, some of which had been prepared after a cannibal feast at which he had been present. The whole of my conversation with Troup, however, was of a flitting and unsatisfactory character, owing to his weak condition and the bustle which attended the movements on the vessel.

I received some further instructions from Major Barttelot in the following letter which the captain of the 'Stanley' handed me:—

'Yambuya Camp: June 6, 1888.

'SIR,—On arrival at Bangala you will report yourself to the chief of the station, and take over the stores from him belonging to the Expedition. You will remain at Bangala till you receive orders from the Committee concerning yourself and the loads. Rations at the rate of ten metakos per diem will be supplied you, but no advance is to be given or asked for. On no account will you leave Bangala while you remain in the service of the Expedition, till you receive orders from home. Should you do so, you will do it at your own expense.

'Your orders from home must be submitted to the chief of Bangala. On receiving your orders you *will inform* the Committee of your proceedings.

'All stores ordered for the Expedition which you may have brought up with you will be included in the list of stores handed over by Mr. Van Kerckhoven to you, with the exception of one box of meat, which you will hand over to Mr. Van Kerckhoven. The four guns brought up for the payment of the canoes you will hand over to Mr. Vangêle, as also any private stores you may have brought up for me personally.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'EDMUND M. BARTTELOT, *Major.*

'Should you bring a telegram of recall for me, you will make arrangements with the chief of Bangala to forward it to the Falls, where a messenger awaits it. You will not, however, send any other message after me, nor will you on any account leave Bangala Station, unless you receive orders to that effect from the Committee.

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This letter appeared to me the unkindest act which had been done to me since I had been with the Expedition, and, on the impulse of the moment, I felt inclined to throw everything up and return home. I had travelled almost night and day for twenty-eight days, and had walked a distance of upwards of 245 miles in ten days and a half, in my anxiety to execute my commissions and get back promptly—putting together a record which, I think I may say without conceit, had never been beaten

in the way of swift African travelling—and this was my reward!

I arrived at Bangala seven days later—July 10—and stored the goods in accordance with my instructions.

An unpleasant period of waiting followed for me, broken at last by the sad tidings of Major Barttelot's death, which first reached me through the following letter from poor Jameson:—

'Stanley Falls: August 4, 1888.

'MY DEAR WARD,—You will be sorry to hear of the death of poor Major Barttelot, who was shot at Unaria on July 19. There has been an awful mess since, but I hope to get away in two or three days at the most, and then we will go as fast as we can leg it. I have not even had time to write to my wife or brother by this steamer, so you must excuse this scratch. At first I was in an awful state about your keeping letters, &c., at Bangala, but on reading Major Barttelot's instructions to you last night for the first time I find you were only carrying out your orders. I have arranged with Tippoo Tib that if you send up all letters but no loads, he will send them after me on the faint chance of their reaching us, and, should they not, they will be returned to the Resident here, Mons. Haneuse. Please give them to the captain of the steamer which comes up first, and ask him to deliver them to Mons. Haneuse here, getting a receipt for the same from the captain, and making him get one from Mons. Haneuse. Do not on any account leave your post at Bangala until

hearing from home, as I might have to employ you at any moment relative to either telegrams or loads. I have sent a copy of this letter to Mr. Mackinnon. Trusting you are in the best of health,

'I remain, yours sincerely,

'JAMES S. JAMESON.'

CHAPTER XIV

IN less than a fortnight after writing this letter poor Jameson had followed Barttelot into the Great Unknown. He died in my arms. My notes must tell the sad tale:—

Bangala (600 miles from Yambuya),
Thursday, August 16, 8 A.M.

Feeling a bit out of sorts, I lay down upon my bed, when, just as I dozed, a boy came rushing into my room, saying in Kiswahili that a white man had just come down from the Falls in a canoe. I rushed to the beach, and there saw a deathlike figure lying back in the men's arms, insensible. I jumped into the canoe, and, great Heavens! it was poor Jameson. I soon got an umbrella over him, and we carried him up into Van Kerckhoven's room. He did not recognise me. I took his hand and knelt in front of him. His eyes were half-closed and his skin was ghastly yellow. No recognition, until after having arranged him upon the bed he gained consciousness and said, 'O Ward, is that you?' and again relapsed. I got a warm bath ready, and my boy Msa and I bathed him carefully. Poor, poor fellow! he was filthy. Nine days in a canoe without any help and without nourishment! After his bath

had to return to Europe. The captain's servant is a boy from a village named Ndembo, near Lukungu, and he entertained me until late with local news of my old native friends. He says that I am reported dead down at Lukungu.

Wednesday, April 11.—Away at daylight. Travelling on board this steamer is a very great improvement upon the canoe business. All the fellows are very interested with my stories about the Arabs and their doings. My sketches were much appreciated. We got into Lukolela 7 P.M., after a very heavy tornado, which forced us to anchor for a couple of hours. Richards and Darby, of the B.M.S., are here and are well.

Thursday, April 12.—We left Lukolela at 6 A.M. this morning. I exchanged some curiosities with Monsieur Baert. He also made me a present of a small box of colours. Camped for wood on south bank, 5 P.M.

Friday, April 13.—Away at 5.30 A.M. Heard from Monsieur Baert that Captain Bore had shot himself at Verona. What a fatal country this is! Obtained by exchanges a very beautiful Equator shield, and two assegais from the little Dutch engineer. The captain, a Swede, named Shogestrom, is a really fine fellow. I consider him to be one of the best men the State ever had: a six-foot, broad-built fellow, simple and frank, with much hard work about him. He devotes himself thoroughly to his duty. Stanley much admired him. What fatality there seems to be connected with all the Europeans who have had to go to the Falls! First, Benny shot himself; second, a Belgian officer died on his way

up; third, Wester, who went home very ill; fourth, Deane, who underwent awful perils; fifth, Dubois, who was drowned; sixth, Van der Welde, who died the other day at Leopoldville, *en route* to the Falls; seventh, his companion, Stillmann, who got sick, and had to clear off home to save his life; and eighth, Amelot, who died on his way, in Zanzibar.

Saturday, April 14.—At 8 A.M. this morning we saw an encampment opposite Kwamouth, and the smoke from a gun in the forest. It was old Deane, and he came out in his canoe and chatted for about ten minutes. He had just knocked over an elephant. He was looking well, though very thin, and was dressed in an old pair of blue trousers, cloth shirt and cap, and his beard was long and ragged. He seemed very pleased to see me, and at first, before he understood that I was going to the coast to send this cable and return, he said: 'If you are going down, why not come and stay with me here? I am all alone, and we are old friends.' He was surprised at my getting down in canoes without fighting, and complimented me upon it. Poor old Deane! I am very fond of him. During a conversation with a Belgian officer, Monsieur Baert, upon the Arab situation up in the country round about the Falls, he said: 'Among us [Belgian officers in the Congo State and in Brussels] it was pronounced very short-sighted policy on Stanley's part, appointing Tippoo Tib to be the Chief of the Falls.' 'But stay,' said I; 'Stanley only suggested such an action, for before finally settling anything at Zanzibar, the agreement, &c., was sent home to His Majesty the King of the Belgians to be ratified and sanctioned; therefore

he brightened up a bit—took some Madeira and chicken soup. He said he had had an awful journey down, exposed to the tornadoes, wind, and rain, lying helpless in a canoe. It is really remarkable that he lived. Another day would certainly have finished him. He was not able to converse, only to make an occasional remark; such as, 'You know, Ward, if I could only get a square show at this sickness I should soon be all right;' and when the Belgians came in from time to time to see him, and inquire if he was better, he would reply, 'Oh, yes, [pause] much better,' but so faintly as to be scarcely audible. He slept fairly well during the night, but had several attacks of spasms.

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Poor Jameson does not seem any better (I think not so well). His pulse is feeble, he cannot retain his senses for more than a minute or two, and can only take a spoonful of soup at long intervals. I am still by his bedside; every quarter of an hour or so he 'comes to,' and with a gaunt smile of recognition he stretches out his meagre hand and clasps mine, as if by so doing he steadied his nerves. He said just now, 'You're so well and clean looking that it does me good to look at you.' His reply to almost every question is a feeble 'splendid,' and to every inquiry about his condition, 'Oh, in-fi-nitely better,' but so feeble, and with such an effort to utter it, that he relapses after every such answer into unconsciousness.

1 P.M.—I asked him just now if he was in any *pain.* '*No, old* chap; no pain, only tired—oh! so

tired. I think it's time to turn in, it's so dark—so tired;' and again became unconscious.

2.10 P.M.—I watch poor Jameson's face as he lies with his eyes half-closed, breathing fitfully. I cannot help conjecturing what his poor wife is doing at this time. How painful would be her lot were she to know what was going on in this room. Her locket has always been round his neck, and I know from the many remarks made by him up at Yambuya when I was ill last October that he loves her very much. How I wish I could get him home to his wife, and child, and brothers. For me it would be nothing, as, except my dear mother, I care little, and am cared for little, by my kindred; but he is so popular, and his future so bright.

It is sad to look upon his pallid face, and attenuated limbs, his finely chiselled features, high and broad forehead, and long, wavy hair, which has not been cut for months. He is a fine, intelligent, brave fellow. Even exhausted and weak as he is, he still retains his old courageous spirit and bears up most pluckily. Never a word of complaint, and always so abundantly thankful for even the slightest service. Poor, poor chap! I do hope most fervently that he will get better, but I cannot get over a feeling of sad doubt. This is his third severe attack of bilious hæmaturic fever, and I fear it will finish him. It has been invariably so since the country was first opened up. All doctors out here have always sent home, without hesitation, patients suffering from hæmaturia. He has spoken very little to-day and seems thoroughly and

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The Belgians were at dinner, and I sent Msa to bring them. They came a minute or two after all was over.

12 A.M.—I have arranged him as well as I could, sealed up his box, and had a Houssa guard stationed by the house. I have got the Belgian carpenter to make a coffin, although the poor chap had been ill *in bed with fever* all day. I promised him a couple

of pounds for his work. Daenen has gone across the river with men to dig the grave for my poor friend's remains. It rains heavily.

I cannot rest. Never in my life have I experienced such a deep regret as I have now for this poor chap's death. How vividly can I picture him up at Yambuya, and how well can I call to mind his future plans! We used to talk over our future together when sketching and collecting.

Saturday, August 18.

I walked about all night, quite beside myself with sadness, and at the very earliest streak of dawn Msa and I arranged poor Jameson in his coffin. I wrapped one of my two Union Jacks around his body. The coffin I had varnished, in order to preserve it as long as possible from decay and ants. Black velvet was nailed all over it, and 'J. S. J.' (his initials) were cut in a piece of copper plate and nailed on the top. As soon as it was sufficiently light I took some hurried photographs of his face. My other Union Jack covered the coffin, and he was borne to the canoe by four Houssas (British subjects and State soldiers). We proceeded slowly across the river—a melancholy party, including all the Belgians and many Houssas and people of the station, in addition to the Manyemas and all who came down with him in the canoes from the Falls. Upon arriving at the opposite shore we bore the body to the grave, arranged sun-dried bricks on the bottom, and large canoe-boards over the coffin, so that, should his friends at some future time desire to have the body conveyed home, it would be

in as good a state as possible. And then we all helped to close in the grave of one of the finest and bravest men it has ever been my lot to meet.

Lieutenant Dhanis and myself have overhauled his effects, sealing up and signing each package. I had previously removed his ring, and his locket and chain from his neck, packed his papers, and made a complete inventory. All this sad work lasted until 5 P.M., and then, tired out, I returned to my room. I have a strong fever on me, and have quite lost my voice from a chill I think I caught last night.

After perusing his diaries and other papers, I find I must at once go down to the coast and cable home the sad news of his death and position of the Expedition. I feel very low, and need rest, for I have not had more than an hour's sleep for upwards of sixty hours, and have taken no nourishment. This sad business has completely unnerved me.

Sunday, August 19.

Passed a bad night, the fever clinging to me until nearly daylight. I then slept until eight o'clock, took a little breakfast, and am now hard at work writing and copying letters concerning the affairs of the Expedition and poor Jameson's effects. Lieutenant Dhanis and Lieutenant Daenen have behaved splendidly through all this trying time. Nothing could exceed their thoughtful and generous assistance.

Before setting out on my journey to the coast once more, I wrote Bonny as follows :—

'Bangala, August 19, 1888.

'DEAR BONNY,—It is with the sincerest regret that I have to announce to you the death of poor Jameson.

'He arrived here on the morning of the 16th inst. in a completely exhausted condition, having been exposed to bad weather in his canoe during a severe attack of hæmaturic fever. He had no fever symptoms upon arriving here, but was terribly yellow, and so far gone that he asked for a stimulant in order to give him strength to bear being carried up from the canoe. He had only taken one or two bananas and one cup of goat soup during his nine days' journey. He lost consciousness soon after arriving here, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to nourish and sustain him, he gradually but steadily sank until 7.30 P.M. of the 17th inst., when poor Jameson died.

'He was buried at 8 A.M. on the 18th inst.

'I was with him all the time, but he never retained sufficient consciousness to give me any full information. From his papers I have gathered that no headman can manage the Manyemas but Rachid, who refuses to go; Sefo (Tippoo Tib's son), who cannot leave his post at Kassongo; and Tippoo Tib himself, who requires 20,000*l.* irrespective of men's pay, and who will give no guarantee, but states that if he meets with any strong opposition *en route* he will turn back and still require his 20,000*l.*

'Therefore there can be no doubt that my duty is to proceed at once to the coast and telegraph *the state of affairs*. I enclose you a copy of the two

in the shape of clothes, shirts. I also shaved, and got myself up. I was much astonished at the change in my appearance; it is decidedly for the better. My leg pains me very much to-day, and I went to a doctor's shop to get it fixed. The sores were originally mosquito bites, which I scratched until they became perfect ulcers.

Thursday, May 3.—Went up with Nightingale, a particularly nice fellow, to pay respects to the Governor; as he was away in the interior, I saw his secretary. The Palace has an air of faded grandeur, coats of arms painted on the ceilings, cobwebs and sleepy officials, &c.

Friday, May 4.—No reply to my cable yet. I have been enjoying myself immensely, and by the kindness of Nightingale, who is the acting chief of Newton, Carnegie & Co., I have been out riding every afternoon, on board a fine grey mare, a descendant of the old-time cavalry horses of the troops here. This was magnificent!—a gallop over the grassy heights with fine fresh air blowing into one's lungs; a really superb view of the city and shipping. I enjoy every minute of my life down here. I may be burst up with some fatal sickness or something of the kind when I go back, so I just enter into as much pleasure as I can get while I have the chance. I find very much hospitality here, everyone is pleasant to me. There is no doubt that I am having the best time in the Expedition just at present. I often think of poor old Jameson and Troup up there, hungry, &c., while I am in clover, *or luxury* rather.

CHAPTER XIII

On May 6 I received the reply of the Committee in London to the cable I had despatched by instruction of Major Barttelot. It was as follows:—

'Major Barttelot, care Ward, Congo.

'Committee refer you to Stanley's orders of June 24, 1887. If you cannot march in accordance with these orders then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley. Committee do not authorise engagement of fighting men. News has been received from Emin Pasha, viâ Zanzibar, dated Wadelai, November 2. Stanley was not then heard of. Emin Pasha is well, and is in no immediate want of supplies, and goes to south-west of lake to watch for Stanley. Letters have been posted regularly viâ East.

(Signed) 'Chairman of Committee.'

Anxious as I naturally was to set out at once on my return journey with this cable from the Committee, I was nevertheless unable to proceed for ten days, as there was no steamer to take me back to the mouth of the Congo. I started on the 16th and reached Matadi on the 20th. I had to wait at

Matadi for four days for native carriers, and, as I was further delayed at Lukunga and Manyanga by similar reasons, I was unable to get to Leopoldville till June 11. Here I caught the small State paddle-steamer, the 'En Avant,' which left on the 15th. On July 3 we met 'Le Stanley' on her way down the river from Yambuya, and, to my surprise, I found poor Troup on board. He was invalided, and on his way home. This was the first opportunity of my getting any news from the camp since my departure in March. I was not, however, able to glean very much information from Troup. The poor fellow was not fit for very much talking. He had been having an exceedingly bad time of it, and so prostrated for several weeks that he was completely out of everything as regards camp management and affairs at Yambuya. The little I did learn was to the effect that there had been a tremendous row between Barttelot and Tippoo Tib as regards the weight of the loads, and that some very angry passages had occurred, which at one time threatened to result in Tippoo's people attacking Major Barttelot for a supposed insult to their chief. It appeared Major Barttelot had suggested, by way of a compromise of a difficulty which had arisen, that the usual load of sixty pounds should be reduced one-half; that he subsequently endeavoured to have the loads made up over forty pounds weight; and that Tippoo Tib *had accused him* of a breach of contract. Further

difficulties had arisen in consequence of quarrels between our people and the Manyemas in the manioc fields, and in a word things were all at sixes and sevens. He further told me that Jameson had had a very interesting and successful trip to Kassongo, and made some very good sketches, some of which had been prepared after a cannibal feast at which he had been present. The whole of my conversation with Troup, however, was of a flitting and unsatisfactory character, owing to his weak condition and the bustle which attended the movements on the vessel.

I received some further instructions from Major Barttelot in the following letter which the captain of the 'Stanley' handed me:—

'Yambuya Camp: June 6, 1888.

'SIR,—On arrival at Bangala you will report yourself to the chief of the station, and take over the stores from him belonging to the Expedition. You will remain at Bangala till you receive orders from the Committee concerning yourself and the loads. Rations at the rate of ten metakos per diem will be supplied you, but no advance is to be given or asked for. On no account will you leave Bangala while you remain in the service of the Expedition, till you receive orders from home. Should you do so, you will do it at your own expense.

'Your orders from home must be submitted to the chief of Bangala. On receiving your orders you will *inform* the Committee of your proceedings.

'All stores ordered for the Expedition which you may have brought up with you will be included in the list of stores handed over by Mr. Van Kerckhoven to you, with the exception of one box of meat, which you will hand over to Mr. Van Kerckhoven. The four guns brought up for the payment of the canoes you will hand over to Mr. Vangêle, as also any private stores you may have brought up for me personally.—I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

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The Belgians were at dinner, and I sent Msa to bring them. They came a minute or two after all was over.

12 A.M.—I have arranged him as well as I could, sealed up his box, and had a Houssa guard stationed by the house. I have got the Belgian carpenter to *make a coffin*, although the poor chap had been ill *in bed with fever* all day. I promised him a couple

of pounds for his work. Daenen has gone across the river with men to dig the grave for my poor friend's remains. It rains heavily.

I cannot rest. Never in my life have I experienced such a deep regret as I have now for this poor chap's death. How vividly can I picture him up at Yambuya, and how well can I call to mind his future plans! We used to talk over our future together when sketching and collecting.

Saturday, August 18.

I walked about all night, quite beside myself with sadness, and at the very earliest streak of dawn Msa and I arranged poor Jameson in his coffin. I wrapped one of my two Union Jacks around his body. The coffin I had varnished, in order to preserve it as long as possible from decay and ants. Black velvet was nailed all over it, and 'J. S. J.' (his initials) were cut in a piece of copper plate and nailed on the top. As soon as it was sufficiently light I took some hurried photographs of his face. My other Union Jack covered the coffin, and he was borne to the canoe by four Houssas (British subjects and State soldiers). We proceeded slowly across the river—a melancholy party, including all the Belgians and many Houssas and people of the station, in addition to the Manyemas and all who came down with him in the canoes from the Falls. Upon arriving at the opposite shore we bore the body to the grave, arranged sun-dried bricks on the bottom, and large canoe-boards over the coffin, so that, should his friends at some future time desire to have the body conveyed home, it would be

in as good a state as possible. And then we all helped to close in the grave of one of the finest and bravest men it has ever been my lot to meet.

Lieutenant Dhanis and myself have overhauled his effects, sealing up and signing each package. I had previously removed his ring, and his locket and chain from his neck, packed his papers, and made a complete inventory. All this sad work lasted until 5 P.M., and then, tired out, I returned to my room. I have a strong fever on me, and have quite lost my voice from a chill I think I caught last night.

After perusing his diaries and other papers, I find I must at once go down to the coast and cable home the sad news of his death and position of the Expedition. I feel very low, and need rest, for I have not had more than an hour's sleep for upwards of sixty hours, and have taken no nourishment. This sad business has completely unnerved me.

Sunday, August 19.

Passed a bad night, the fever clinging to me until nearly daylight. I then slept until eight o'clock, took a little breakfast, and am now hard at work writing and copying letters concerning the affairs of the Expedition and poor Jameson's effects. Lieutenant Dhanis and Lieutenant Daenen have behaved splendidly through all this trying time. Nothing could exceed their thoughtful and generous assistance.

Before setting out on my journey to the coast once more, I wrote Bonny as follows:—

'Bangala, August 19, 1888.

'DEAR BONNY,—It is with the sincerest regret that I have to announce to you the death of poor Jameson.

'He arrived here on the morning of the 16th inst. in a completely exhausted condition, having been exposed to bad weather in his canoe during a severe attack of hæmaturic fever. He had no fever symptoms upon arriving here, but was terribly yellow, and so far gone that he asked for a stimulant in order to give him strength to bear being carried up from the canoe. He had only taken one or two bananas and one cup of goat soup during his nine days' journey. He lost consciousness soon after arriving here, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to nourish and sustain him, he gradually but steadily sank until 7.30 P.M. of the 17th inst., when poor Jameson died.

'He was buried at 8 A.M. on the 18th inst.

'I was with him all the time, but he never retained sufficient consciousness to give me any full information. From his papers I have gathered that no headman can manage the Manyemas but Rachid, who refuses to go; Sefo (Tippoo Tib's son), who cannot leave his post at Kassongo; and Tippoo Tib himself, who requires 20,000*l.* irrespective of men's pay, and who will give no guarantee, but states that if he meets with any strong opposition *en route* he will turn back and still require his 20,000*l.*

'Therefore there can be no doubt that my duty is to proceed at once to the coast and telegraph *the state of affairs.* I enclose you a copy of the two

telegraphic answers, and if I meet the steamer *en route* I shall naturally open and peruse whatever instructions have been sent. (I personally expect that we shall be recalled, for further action on our part seems impossible.) I took careful inventory of poor Jameson's effects in the presence of the chief of Bangala Station, and take his box, &c., down with me to be sent home at earliest opportunity, as his papers are very comprehensive and valuable in the present state of affairs. I am sending you up your European letters and five *private* boxes of provisions, which I know you will be glad of. They will go up by first steamer. I could not obtain a truss for you. I enclose an inventory of the boxes of provisions. I used one bottle Madeira, one tin Brand's essence, and one tin biscuits for poor Jameson, and a small quantity of Cognac. These provisions were sent up by me from Mr. Ingham, missionary.

'My dear Bonny, keep up your spirits. Things have turned out sadly indeed, but despondency in this country causes illness.

'I start down to-morrow morning, 21st, and will write you. I go down with Jameson's canoes, and our Expedition men and a few Bangalas.

'Again, keep your spirits up.

'I remain, yours very sincerely,

'HERBERT WARD.

'W. Bonny, Esq.

CHAPTER XV

WITH all possible speed I made way to the cable station at St. Paul de Loanda and despatched the following cable, which explained the situation of affairs as I understood it after my necessarily brief perusal of Jameson's papers.

'To Mackinnon, Gray, Dawes & Co.,
Austin Friars, London.

'Barttelot's death broke up Expedition; Manyemas disbanded. Jameson coming Bangala died there August 17 fever. He reported Tippoo Tib only man competent command Manyemas; his unalterable terms 20,000*l.* sterling unconditionally, irrespective Manyemas' pay, but returns if opposed without forfeiting above terms. Route, Nyangwe, Kibero, Unyoro. Bonny and remaining loads Yarrocombi, close Stanley Falls. Many men and loads missing. Awaiting reply Loanda.

'WARD.'

To this the Committee replied on September 25 as follows:

'Telegram received. Terms demanded Tippoo Tib declined. Committee probably abandon proposed Expedition. Will telegraph instructions disposal stores hereafter.'

A series of cables then succeeded regarding the papers and collections of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, and on October 4 the following final instructions reached me from the Committee:—

'Return Stanley Falls; leave powder, Remington cartridges and portion of goods in charge officers there in case communication with Emin opened. Sell remainder goods to State. See Governor about this. Bring Bonny, all men Expedition, all Barttelot's and Jameson's effects and collections Banana; ship them England, care Gray, Dawes & Co. If help wanted engage and take back Casement. Wire if these instructions understood.'

To which I replied that I would return on the 15th—the earliest possible date.

By this time seven months had elapsed since I had set out on my journey from the Aruwimi Camp, and this was the situation of affairs:—Troup was either in England or very near there; Barttelot had been murdered; Jameson had died in my presence; and now I was under orders to make my way back as best I could to Stanley Falls, to leave certain of the goods at the Falls and to take everybody back to the coast. Of course, I was not then acquainted with the fact—which I afterwards learned—that Mr. Stanley had got back to Bonalya (Unaria), where Major Barttelot was murdered, on the very day poor Jameson had passed away at Bangala.

The continuation of my story is best told in the *following letters* of mine to Sir Wm. Mackinnon:—

'October 26, 1888.

'SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I arrived in Boma on the 19th inst.

'I submitted my instructions to Governor Ledeganch, who requested me to remain in Boma until after the arrival of the Portuguese mail of the 28th inst., in order that he might receive more detailed instructions from Bruxelles concerning the goods of the Emin Expedition. The Governor also informed me that the new steamer "Ville de Bruxelles" would be my first opportunity of reaching Stanley Falls, and that she would not leave Stanley Pool until the middle of December next. I instructed Mr. Fontaine, of the Dutch house, to send you a detailed account of my expenditure, which consisted of payment of cablegrams, personal allowance of 25*s.* per diem, passages to and from St. Paul de Loanda, private expenditure of five guineas for clothes, &c., which please place to my debit, and I will pay upon my return home. I received yesterday a cablegram from the Committee, dated October 13, and will fulfil the instructions.

'I have the honour, sir, to remain,

'Your obedient servant,

'HERBERT WARD.

'Mr. William Mackinnon,
President Emin Relief Committee.'

'Boma, November 3, 1888.

'SIR,—Upon the same day as the arrival of the Portuguese mail from Europe—*i.e.* 30th—news reached Boma from the stations of Stanley Pool and Lukunga *that* small-pox was spreading over the

country, and in consequence I have been compelled to remain till the 5th inst., when I proceed to Matadi by a Portuguese cutter. I have only the six Zanzibaris that I brought down with me, it being impossible to obtain natives. (These Zanzibaris are in very poor condition.) Lieutenant Becker, who is also proceeding to Stanley Falls, will leave Boma on the 12th inst.

'The Governor received no instructions about purchasing the Emin Expedition stores from Bruxelles, but will *receive* the goods, and *refers me* to Bruxelles for the monetary settlement. He will take no responsibility. It is finally settled that the "Ville de Bruxelles" will start for Stanley Falls December 12, so that we shall be due back here in Boma about February 20, 1889.'

'I am, etc.,

'HERBERT WARD.'

'Stanley Pool, December 6, 1888

'SIR,—I last wrote dated N'Gombe, November 29, and I arrived in Leopoldville on December 1.

'Lieutenant Baert, Tippoo Tib's Belgian secretary, had arrived on the previous day in s.s. "Le Stanley," having left the Falls in a whale-boat under the care of another Belgian on September 25. I learnt from him the particulars of Mr. Stanley's return to Unaria, and he handed me a letter from Mr. Bonny, addressed to the late Mr. Jameson, which, under the circumstances, I opened and read. This letter please find enclosed.

'Major Parminter having despatched a special *messenger* with a cablegram to the Committee with *the news* of Mr. Stanley's return, I therefore con-

sidered it unnecessary to cable anything further than the information which I gathered from Lieutenant Baert concerning Mr. Stanley's correspondence, which had been for some reason detained at Stanley Falls by the State Resident Lieutenant Haneuse, and which, therefore, cannot possibly reach you before March.

'Lieutenant Baert also informed me that together with the packets of correspondence addressed Gray, Dawes & Co., sent by Mr. Stanley to the Resident of the Falls to be forwarded to Europe, was a letter addressed to the late Mr. Jameson. This letter I shall endeavour to obtain and read, as there is every possibility of finding out Mr. Stanley's wishes therein concerning the 200 odd loads in store at Bangala. Should I, however, be unsuccessful in obtaining this letter I consider it my proper course to take all the loads from Bangala up to Stanley Falls, and to endeavour to induce Tippoo Tib to provide me with Manyema porters to convey the Remington ammunition to Lake Albert.

'I would suggest to the Committee to cable instructions to me immediately upon the receipt of this letter, based upon the assumption that I have neither obtained Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions to the late Mr. Jameson, nor been able to obtain sufficient aid from Tippoo Tib to proceed, and that I am at Stanley Falls with the loads awaiting your orders. Should the Committee favour this course and despatch instructions immediately, it is probable that the message would be in time for the Dutch house s.s. "Holland."

'I have the honour, &c.,

'HERBERT WARD.'

'Stanley Pool, December 7, 1888.

'DEAR SIR,—The information I have elicited in course of conversation with Lieutenant Baert, Tippoo Tib's secretary, concerning Mr. Stanley's return to Unaria will interest you. Upon August 25 a Zanzibari of Mr. Stanley's, accompanied by two men belonging to the headman of Unaria, arrived at Stanley Falls bearing the following letter to Tippoo Tib from Mr. Stanley:—

'Unaria, August 17, 1888.

'"*To Sheik Hamad bin Mohammed, from his good friend, H. M. Stanley.*

'"Many salaams to you.

'"I hope you are in good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I parted with you on the Congo. I have many things to say to you, but I hope I shall see you face to face before many days. I reached this place this morning with 130 Nangwana, three soldiers, and sixty-six natives from Emin Pasha. This is now the eighty-second day since I left Emin Pasha on the Nyanza, and we have only lost three men on the way—two have been drowned and one ran away.

'"I found the white man whom I was looking for, Emin Pasha, quite well, and the other white man, Casati, quite well also. Emin Pasha has ivory in abundance, cattle by thousands, sheep, goats, fowls, and food of every kind. We found him to be a very good and kind man. He gave a number of things to all our white and black men. His liberality could not be exceeded. His soldiers blessed our black men

for coming so far to show them the way, and many of them were ready to follow me at once out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet yet a few months that I might come back and fetch the other men and goods that I have left in Yambuya. And they prayed God to give me strength that I might finish my work. May their prayer be heard! And now, my friend, what are you going to do? We have gone the road twice over. We know where it is bad and where it is good. We know where there is plenty of food and where there is none—where all the camps are, and where we shall sleep and rest. I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me it is well. If you do not go with me it is well also. I leave it to you. I stay here ten days, and then I go on slowly. I move from here to a big island two hours' march from here, and above this. There are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men. Whatever you have to say to me my ears will be open with a good heart as it has always been towards you. Therefore, come quickly, for on the eleventh morn from this I will move on. All my white men are well, but I left them all behind except my servant William, who is with me.

'"Salaams, &c., to all (enumerating several Arabs' names).

'"HENRY M. STANLEY."

'Mr. Stanley's man stated, when questioned, that on this return journey they had descended the Aruwimi River for twenty-one day sin canoes. They had only had one serious engagement with the natives since starting from Yambuya. It occurred

'The steamship "Roi des Belges" arrived at Bangala on January 20 from Stanley Falls. Mr. Stanley's correspondence was duly delivered to the chief of the station here, Lieutenant Daenen. It will be despatched from here by canoe. I applied for the letter from Mr. Stanley to the late Mr. Jameson. It was produced, but the conditions did not warrant my opening it. Lieutenant van Kerckhoven left instructions with Lieutenant Daenen to the effect that it should be delivered to me as representing the Expedition only on the understanding that two copies should be made, one copy to remain at Bangala and the other to be sent to the Governor at Boma. As I do not consider myself warranted in giving this publicity to Mr. Stanley's letter, I declined to accept it.

'I have ascertained that Tippoo Tib is only awaiting the arrival of Mr. Greshoff at Stanley Falls before starting to Zanzibar to pay his respects to the new Sultan.

'The "Ville de Bruxelles" is daily expected here from Stanley Pool.

'I have the honour, &c.,

'HERBERT WARD.

'P.S.—Tippoo Tib will then proceed to Belgium to see H.M. King Leopold II.'

(The following is a copy of Mr. Stanley's letter to Jameson, which has since been made public.)

'On March above Bonalya,
'August 30, 1888.

'DEAR SIR,—I know that Bonny has written to *you about* my arrival, so I may be brief. Arriving

CHAPTER XVI

AT last I was enabled to write Sir William Mackinnon as follows:—

'Stanley Pool, January 5, 1889.

'SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I am leaving here on the 7th inst. on board "Le Stanley," which proceeds to Bangala only.

'Lieutenant Becker has not arrived yet, but it is believed that he is on the road. Upon arriving at Stanley Pool he will at once proceed to the Falls on board the new State steamer "Ville de Bruxelles."

'I have the honour, sir, to remain,

'Your obedient servant,

'HERBERT WARD.

'William Mackinnon, Esq.,
'President Emin Relief Committee.'

'January 31, 1889.

'SIR,—I have the honour to report my arrival at Bangala on January 22 on board "Le Stanley."

'Lieutenant van Kerckhoven retained "Le Stanley" for political reasons, and started for Upoto on January 25. I requested him to convey the Expedition loads and myself as far as he was going; but he objected, stating that, as he would have hostile operations with the natives in several places, witnesses would be undesirable.

'The steamship "Roi des Belges" arrived at Bangala on January 20 from Stanley Falls. Mr. Stanley's correspondence was duly delivered to the chief of the station here, Lieutenant Daenen. It will be despatched from here by canoe. I applied for the letter from Mr. Stanley to the late Mr. Jameson. It was produced, but the conditions did not warrant my opening it. Lieutenant van Kerckhoven left instructions with Lieutenant Daenen to the effect that it should be delivered to me as representing the Expedition only on the understanding that two copies should be made, one copy to remain at Bangala and the other to be sent to the Governor at Boma. As I do not consider myself warranted in giving this publicity to Mr. Stanley's letter, I declined to accept it.

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'I have the honour, &c.,

'HERBERT WARD.

'P.S.—Tippoo Tib will then proceed to Belgium to see H.M. King Leopold II.'

(The following is a copy of Mr. Stanley's letter to Jameson, which has since been made public.)

'On March above Bonalya,
'August 30, 1888.

'DEAR SIR,—I know that Bonny has written to *you about my* arrival, so I may be brief. Arriving

at Bonalya 17th inst.[1] I have been busy ever since reorganising the Expedition, which I found to be in a terrible state. To-day the second march from Bonalya has begun and we shall continue on. Bonny showed me your letter of the 12th inst., wherein you stated it to be your purpose to go to Bangala. I cannot make out why the Major, you, Troup, and Ward have been so *demented*—demented is the word! You understand English—an English letter of instructions was given you. You said it was intelligible, yet for some reason or another you have not followed one paragraph. You paid a thousand pounds to go on this Expedition, you have voluntarily thrown your money away by leaving the Expedition. Ward is not a whit better; he has acted all through, as I hear, more like an idiot than a sane being. You have left me naked—I have no clothes, no medicine; I will say nothing of my soap and candles, a photograph apparatus and chemicals, two silver watches, a cap, and a score of other trifles. You believed I was dead, yet you brought along my boots, and two hats, and a flannel jacket. You believed the Expedition had gone to Ujiji, yet you took Stairs' and the other officers' goods along. Is this not rather inconsistent?

'I shall proceed along the south bank of the river for nearly two months and then cross the river to the north bank, then straight to the Nyanza. If you can bring my kit with you you are welcome to go on with us if you can catch us up. Forty guns will take you along safely to the point where we cross the

[1] *The day* poor Jameson died at Bangala, 709 miles away.

river. Emin Pasha is quite well. All our officers are well; we have lost 50 per cent. of men. I have come from the Nyanza in eighty-two days and from our fort in sixty-one days.

'Our track will be quite clear as a highway, two marches from Bonalya or, as you call it, Unaria. It will be white all the way to the crossing. If you can find where we landed on the north bank—it will be one march above Nepoko confluence with the Aruwimi—you will be able to follow us with forty guns; with less it would be dangerous. The plains are twenty-five marches from the crossing place. Splendid young country—game of all kinds. I have left all the officers at Fort Bodo except Jephson, who is with Emin Pasha. Though, as reported to me, you, and all of you, seemed to have acted like madmen, your version may modify my opinion. Therefore I write this brief note to you in the midst of bustle and hurry.

'Yours truly,

(Signed) 'HENRY M. STANLEY.'

To Mr. Stanley I wrote as follows:—

'Stanley Falls, February 21, 1889.

'DEAR MR. STANLEY,—I am sending this brief letter to you by an Arab, Nasaro bin Sulieman, who starts from here to-morrow for Zanzibar.

'On March 28, 1888, I left Yambuya Camp with a telegram from Major Barttelot to the Emin Relief Committee. I reached Banana on April 29, and despatched the cable from St. Paul de Loanda on May 1. I left Loanda with the Committee's reply *on May 16*, and upon arriving at Bangala, July 10,

received a letter from Major Barttelot instructing me to remain at Bangala with the loads that he had sent down to that station for storage. Previous to my departure from Yambuya, Major Barttelot promised that I should follow him up if he had been successful in starting before my return. I had no alternative then but to stay at Bangala, as Major Barttelot had previously arranged with the State, and I could not, therefore, obtain a passage. August 16 (the day of your arrival at Unaria) Jameson reached Bangala in canoe. He was in an unconscious condition and suffering from the effects of bilious hæmaturic fever. August 17 Jameson died in my arms at 7 P.M.

'As I had no chance of reaching Stanley Falls I at once proceeded to Leo in canoe, and from thence to Loanda to cable for instructions from the Committee. October 15 I left Loanda with the Committee's cabled instructions, which were:—

Return Stanley Falls; leave powder, Remington cartridges and portion of goods in charge officers there in case communication with Emin opened. Sell remainder goods to State. See Governor about this. Bring Bonny, all men Expedition, all Barttelot's and Jameson's effects and collections Banana; ship them England, care Gray, Dawes & Co. If help wanted engage and take back Casement. Wire if these instructions understood.

'I have used all despatch in executing these instructions, and arrived at Stanley Falls on February 16 with all the Expedition loads from Bangala. Finding that further action on my part was useless, I have handed all the loads in care of the Resident of *Stanley Falls*, and am waiting a few days to col-

lect the two or three sick men who were abandoned to Tippoo Tib when Major Barttelot broke the camp on the Aruwimi River.

'I intend conveying your ten personal loads to London. I made every inquiry about the possibility of sending goods to meet you at Sabora, but could not obtain sufficient guarantee from the Arabs.

'I deeply regret that my services have not been more profitable to you; circumstances have been dead against me.—I remain, Mr. Stanley,

'Always yours faithfully,

'HERBERT WARD.'

Little more remains to be told. With the few men remaining from the Expedition I set out from Stanley Falls on my last journey down the Congo on March 10, in canoes lent me by Tippoo Tib. Our small party numbered fourteen souls — six able-bodied men, four invalids, three boys, and myself. We travelled 1,160 miles in all, meeting with the same difficulties and dangers as had beset me on my first trip. For fifteen days we travelled overland, the remainder of the journey being by water. As we moved along one of my poor fellows died, and another elected to remain at a Mission station, so that by the time we got to Banana, there were only twelve of us left. Here, acting on the instructions of the Committee, I took passage for my party on board the 'Afrikaan' and, travelling viâ Rotterdam, *reached England* on July 4, 1889. In a few days

my faithful blacks were transferred to a ship bound for Zanzibar, and we finally parted. As I stood on the quay watching their vessel glide through the dock gates, they clustered round the gangway and with affection lighting up their swarthy countenances, their familiar voices sent their parting to my ears: '*Kwa heri, Kwa heri, bwana wangu!*' ('Good-bye, my master, good-bye'). They had served me faithfully and well—companions of my troubles and my dangers—and my heart went out to them in true sympathy and gratitude, as I waved them a last farewell.

A few days afterwards I received the following letter from the Committee of the Expedition, together with an honorarium of 330*l.*—an unlooked for compliment:—

'DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure, by desire of the Emin Relief Committee, of sending you the following copy of a minute passed at their meeting to-day:—

'"The Committee wish to record their full appreciation of the services Mr. Ward has rendered to the Expedition, and the faithful manner in which he has performed the duties entrusted to him."

'I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed) 'F. DE WINTON,

Hon. Sec.

'Emin Relief Committee, July 5, 1889.'

MY REPLY TO MR. STANLEY

It is somewhat difficult to reply to Mr. Stanley as completely as I would wish. His allegations are scattered, and even at this moment there is no guarantee that he will not give publicity to some further story or piece of camp gossip, in retaliation for the publication of this, and other replies, to his insinuations. Great publicity was given to the announcement that on December 3 last the leader of the Emin Relief Expedition would tell the full and complete story of the Rear Guard in a lecture in New York. The lecture was delivered. There was nothing very new in it, but it brought together all the charges that had been made at different times previously; and we considered ourselves justified in believing that Mr. Stanley had had his full and last say on the subject. Very little time, however, was allowed to elapse before Mr. Stanley, brought to book for certain of his statements, rushed off to one new charge and one old charge, about which he had thought well to say nothing in his lecture. The first of these was an *insinuation* of immorality in our camp at Yambuya;

the second and old matter already dealt with was the monstrous suggestion that I had misappropriated certain brass rods (the currency of the country) belonging to the Expedition. Under these circumstances, therefore, all I can hope to do is to deal with Mr. Stanley—as the current phrase has it—'up to date;' and without prejudice as regards anything which may happen in the future.

It appears to me that the best thing I can do in meeting Mr. Stanley's charges is to take from his lecture certain extracts affecting myself, to deal with these in detail, and then to refer to the two additional matters I speak of.

Before proceeding to do this, however, it is necessary that I should point out one thing. It is this. I left Yambuya Camp on March 28, 1888, on my journey down to the coast, and did not get back again till long after Mr. Stanley had returned and the whole camp had been broken up. Therefore, in all I say and speak of I must only be taken as referring to matters antecedent to the date I name—March 28, 1888. Of what happened after this date I can say nothing, for I know nothing from personal knowledge.

With this explanation I will now proceed. The extracts I quote are taken from the report of Mr. Stanley's lecture given in the *New York Tribune*.

'*But after* the advance column had returned from the

Albert Nyanza, we found, to our grief and horror, that Major Barttelot had been shot, that Mr. Troup had been invalided home, that Mr. Jameson was away at Stanley Falls and Mr. Ward was detained at Bangala, and that 164 Zanzibaris and Soudanese were either dead, deserted, or missing; that forty-two were dying then in camp, that there were only sixty men left out of 270 men able to travel, that only about one-third of the goods were left, and that the report of the survivors was so shocking in its character and nature, revealing so much irresolution, weakness, unmanliness, craven submission to tyranny, selfishness and brutality, that I was compelled to say that the rear column was wrecked by the irresolution, neglect, and indifference of the officers.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

Mr. Stanley here speaks of irresolution, neglect, and indifference! The application of the phrases absurd. There was no IRRESOLUTION. We were told that Tippoo Tib would supply 600 porters. He kept putting us off from day to day with promises, specious at the moment, and apparently worthy of credence by us at first. As we waited, our men grew worse and worse, and the necessity for the porters became greater each day. Mr. Stanley himself created the impression that he would be back in five months, and as time drew nearer to the completion of this period, the necessity for our moving grew less. When the five months had passed and no news came, our difficulties increased. The promised *porters came* not; we were unaware whether the *dvance Force* lived or not. What were we to do?

'NEGLECT'! The word has no meaning if it does not imply that the neglect was wanton. That there was wanton neglect I emphatically deny. That all the available medicine was not used, I quite as readily admit. But if it was not used, it was not from any improper spirit. Major Barttelot's view of the situation was that he had been entrusted with the stores, and that he should deliver them up intact. Some of us did not take this view, and argued our point, but without avail. What more could we do? We suffered equally with the blacks, but there was no help for it.

'INDIFFERENCE'! Surely it was not in any spirit of 'indifference' I made two journeys to Stanley Falls under all the difficulties my notes describe, and subsequently travelled under the most trying conditions through a dangerous country, to send the cable from the coast. Nor was it in any spirit of indifference Barttelot, Troup, and Jameson made their subsequent journeys to Tippoo Tib and Kassongo, and that Jameson offered 20,000*l.* out of his own pocket to expedite matters.

'I say that I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with a desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not set forward on our track as directed; or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down the river and reduced their chief to a state of destitution; or why they should send European

provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira wine down-river when there were thirty-three men sick and hungry in camp; or why Mr. Bonny should allow his own rations to be sent down while he was present; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down-river with a despatch, and an order sent after him to prevent his return to the Expedition. I say these are a few of the problems which puzzle me, and which clearly prove to every one that there is a mystery for which I cannot conceive a reasonable solution; and, therefore, each reader of this narrative must think his own thoughts, but construe the whole charitably.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

Mr. Stanley here speaks, as if we were fully informed regarding his whereabouts, and requirements. We were not in possession of any such information. Indeed, if we were to judge by appearances, Mr. Stanley and his Advance Column had suffered some grave disaster. He had not put in his promised appearance at the end of the five months, and there was no news whatever from him. Apart altogether from the fact that I had left the camp in March, and the time he speaks of was June, when I was hundreds of miles away, it must be borne in mind that if the European provisions and Madeira were sent away it was not, I assume, from any sense of neglect or desire to deprive the sick and suffering—who included, let it never be forgotten, white as well as black men—but from a quixotic intention to carry out Mr. Stanley's instructions to the letter. In going to the coast and

subsequently remaining at Bangala I obeyed the orders of the chief Mr. Stanley placed over me. I can say nothing more.

'Two of the surviving officers, Messrs. Troup and Ward, loudly and insistently claim to have done the best they could do in furthering the object of the expedition. I frankly acknowledge that they did as far as it was possible without incurring personal danger, or disturbing that blissful state of mind which is oblivious of duty and deaf to the call of suffering humanity. But, as their chief and employer, bearing in mind their repeated and effusive promises to me, remembering their eager applications for service, and their vows to distinguish themselves by faithful and loyal conduct, with their signed contracts testifying against their performances, I cannot reconcile that moral and physical inaction at Yambuya with the obligations they had undertaken and the duties which we expect from high-minded, brave, and honourable men. And their subsequent conduct after retreating from the presence of danger—one on the plea of illness, and the other of being used as a messenger—is as little consistent with those principles which every schoolboy is taught in every civilised land must animate every man who wishes to be commended as a virtuous man, obedient to the call of duty. With unblushing effrontery and brazen impudence they lead that tribe of writers who delight in scandal, and from lecture platforms undertake to censure and denounce me as the cause of their pitiful failure.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

It may or may not have been wrong of me, to obey the orders of my chief officer. Be that as it

may, it must never be forgotten that in obeying these orders I exposed myself to great personal danger in travelling through a hostile country, handicapped by many difficulties of transit, and few men. The talk of my shirking personal danger is, under these circumstances, pure and unadulterated nonsense. As for physical and moral inaction, there was none such while I was at Yambuya. When Mr. Stanley talks of my want of faithfulness to him he altogether ignores the fact that it was notorious that I was always one to stand up for him in every way when discussions took place at Yambuya. The question of denouncing Mr. Stanley is one altogether beside the point; but I may say I have never spoken of him on any platform save in connection with his wonderful achievements as an explorer. I object altogether to Mr. Stanley's coupling my name with any other officer of the Rear Guard. I have stood alone all through this controversy, and must be treated in my individual capacity.

'I have not charged these gentlemen with being disloyal or disobedient, but that they were indifferent to the written letter of instructions; that is, that they put them aside and followed their own inclinations. But if it be true that Mr. Ward stood up at a table and publicly proposed that my instructions should be *cancelled and* Major Barttelot's ideas carried out in the *future, would I not* be justified in supposing that there

was something more than indifference? Would it not be fair to suppose that there had been some understanding between Mr. Barttelot and Mr. Ward hostile to me? If it be true that Mr. Ward, through instructions from Mr. Barttelot, was in the habit of questioning Zanzibaris and Arabs as to what they knew of my conduct in Central Africa on former expeditions, would I not be justified in supposing that Mr. Ward was thus pliant and conciliatory, diligent in furthering his ambition, and obsequious to his wishes in order to win Barttelot's favour and conquer those prejudices which Mr. Ward wrote in a letter to me were entertained by Mr. Barttelot to him? That I did not lay greater stress upon these reports was due solely to the fact that I could not discover sufficient motives, inasmuch as the lasting gratitude of Mr. Ward was due to me. But if it be true that Mr. Ward did these things, does it not appear that he sacrificed my friendship in order to win the friendship of a man who was regarded as my spy, and showed his hostility to him, as long as he had fallen into the snare set for him, by sending him down to the sea with a dispatch, then ordering Captain Von Kerckhoven to detain him at Bangala.'—*Mr. Stanley at New York.*

Mr. Stanley is careful to use the prefix 'if' in regard to all these matters. 'If' I was guilty of one of the matters alleged against me, then indeed would Mr. Stanley be justified in all he says. I emphatically deny, however, that I ever tried to curry favour with Major Barttelot in any way. Major Barttelot and I disagreed from the very first, and there was no necessity for me to curry favour.

Such is not my spirit. As for the questioning of the black man, it is all very simple. I did not act by special instructions from Major Barttelot, but from feelings of curiosity on my own part. The man had been present at the finding of Dr. Livingstone and was full of facts regarding his death. What was more natural than that, interested as I was in all matters African, I should seek information from an eye-witness as to what had happened? The whole charge in this connection shows a narrowness of mind on Mr. Stanley's part that surprises and pains me very much. As for the absurd story of my advocating the cancelling of Mr. Stanley's instructions, it was exploded very long ago. This is what I wrote to Sir Wm. Mackinnon from Banana on May 20, 1889, when I first heard of the matter:—

'Mr. Stanley, in his letter dated Bonalya, August 28, 1888, must have been misinformed concerning my actions. I emphatically deny ever having suggested cancelling Mr. Stanley's instructions. Mr. Stanley's personal baggage, together with other property of the Expedition, was sent from Yambuya, June 19, 1888. I was at that time near Bolobo, nine hundred miles from Yambuya.'

Mr. Stanley is in a particularly weak position, when he launches forth invectives against the unfortunate Barttelot. No one will deny at this *date that Barttelot* was very heavily handicapped by

a violent temper, and an utter lack of sympathy with the black character. But it is not as if Mr. Stanley was unaware of Major Barttelot's failings. Mr. Stanley, in his New York lecture, said:—

> Several days after he had set out I was told by General Brackenbury that *Barttelot would be sure to give me trouble.* He furnished me with some instances of his conduct. I then resolved within myself that, as it was too late to recall him, and that it would be a pity to dismiss him for anything he had done in the past—that I would take precautions to prevent his committing outrages under the impulse of his passionate temper. As far as Yambuya I saw no sufficient reason to dismiss him. *He had two or three times been petulant. He had once disobeyed orders,* but he gave such promises of amendment in the future, and such excuses for the disobedience, that, not wishing to deal harshly, I allowed him to remain.

Yet this was the man to whom Mr. Stanley wrote before leaving Yambuya, 'I feel sure I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard our interests here during our absence.' Was this hypocrisy, or what? Mr. Stanley knew he was leaving Major Barttelot in the most difficult of all positions; he knew better than any of us the wily character of the Arabs with whom we were to deal; and his whole conduct at this point suggested a fear that the 'wise choice' he made would result in nothing but failure. Why, if Mr. Stanley expected we would move forward immediately, did he remark to

Barttelot, as he left, that he expected to find us all there on his return, or why the arrangement about supplies for five months? Again, why did he commission Dr. Parke to investigate the surrounding fields to see if we would have sufficient manioc for a long stay, if we were to leave all behind in a few days? As Mr. Stanley says himself, it is all inexplicable.

The other points which remain to be dealt with are the suggestion of immorality, and the brass rod matter. First as regards the question of immorality. This charge is one put forward on the strength of a statement by Assad Farran, the interpreter. Assad Farran, by the way, is the person who told Mr. Stanley at Cairo that the white officers were content to remain at Yambuya! As if he could know what our wishes were, or would be made a confidant of! We would sooner have trusted one of our Zanzibari carriers. He is an Assyrian Christian, and of his own showing, a low thief, and scoundrel of the worst type. On this man's word we are charged with having been guilty of immorality at Yambuya. I know of no instance in which the native women, who were captured, were brought to white officers' quarters, as he states. It is quite true that women were captured for the purpose of their being ransomed for food, but this was the sum total of the matter. *The proceeding* may seem very horrid and very

harsh to gentle readers in England, but with us in Africa, following the custom of the country to this extent, the manœuvre was regarded in quite an ordinary light. This proceeding, however, only took place on two occasions. No harshness was used. The natives brought the food to ransom their women in the most matter-of-fact way, and laughed heartily with us over the whole transaction. I feel I owe an apology to my readers for introducing this charge at all. I certainly should not have done so, had Mr. Stanley not descended to the use of such an unsavoury weapon. If I had shirked dealing with it, he might have used the omission against me.

The brass rod matter is to me an equally disagreeable subject. I have never been able to discover how it originated. The letter from Barttelot which I got at Lomami on my way down to the coast, was the first suggestion I ever came across, that a misapprehension existed. Unfortunately Barttelot and I never met after thi. letter, and I was thus prevented from obtaining the explanation I determined to demand. Later on Mr. Stanley made some covert reference to the letter, and the muddle became greater by the introduction of references to my having opened one of Jameson's boxes. The box story is very easily explained. Jameson when leaving the camp on one occasion, told us that he had left some lard somewhere in his house. We wanted

the lard subsequently, and went to look for it. In the course of our search we opened—we did not break open—a box, in which strings, glue, and all kinds of rough stuff were stored. We did not find the lard, however, and disturbed nothing. Bonny and Troup were with me at the time. To return to the brass rods, however. Mr. Stanley quite recently was questioned about his insinuations regarding this matter, and the only escape he could find out of his difficulty in the way of supporting his innuendo, was by reference to my collection of African curiosities; and a hint, rather conveyed than expressed, that as I was an unpaid member of the Expedition I could not possibly have had the money to buy these things. Luckily for me my position is quite unassailable in the matter, and, humiliating though it is to have to defend myself from such a vile charge as this, I think it better to do so, rather than help Mr. Stanley by displaying contemptuous indifference. Two-thirds of the curiosities I possess were sent home to the care of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the novelist, and Mr. Richard Hodson, Barrister of the Temple, before I joined the Emin Expedition. The curios I became possessed of, during the latter days of my connection with the Expedition, were obtained with bartering goods, purchased from the Rev. J. Clarke, Rev. Charles Ingham, and Major W. G. Parminter, by means of my notes of hand subsequently paid in London. *Not a farthing's* worth of Expedition property was

misappropriated by me, and the gentlemen I have mentioned are within reach, if reference be necessary, to sustain my statement.

I have not hitherto dealt with the question of punishments, for the simple reason that my connection with the punishments was of a very slight character. As regards almost all the sensational incidents alleged to have taken place, I know nothing, for I was away at the time. The only prominent matter with which I was associated was the execution of the Soudanese soldier. Of course there were frequent applications of punishment of a minor character, but not such as to call for any explanation whatever. As regards the Soudanese soldier, the facts were these. On December 2 he entered my hut at night, and stole some meat. His theft was discovered, and he received, what I admit was the severe punishment of 150 lashes. He then deserted, taking one of our guns and a supply of cartridges with him, boasting to the Arabs, as we subsequently learnt, that he intended to shoot Major Barttelot. He was caught, tried by court-martial, and executed on February 9.

With regard to all the other matters—the alleged cannibal story, the alleged prodding and biting by Major Barttelot, the flogging of John Henry, and the rest—I have, at least, a full and complete reply. I know nothing, for I was hundreds of miles away.

This is my reply to what Mr. Stanley has said up to the present. Why the leader of the Relief Expedition should have attacked me in the way he has done I know not, unless it be on two grounds: (1) that his *amour-propre* was wounded beyond all forgiveness, by his discovering that in an idle hour I had caricatured his fantastic dress, in the 'comic sketch' spoken of in my notes; and (2) because of my association and friendship with Jameson, whose diaries formulated such a black indictment against him. The caricature which he discovered in Jameson's box was but a thoughtless act, burlesquing his extraordinary African costume, and executed in a spirit of boyish playfulness. Yet it moved him, I believe, to savage anger. I am sorry for it. It was no fault of mine that I got to know what the now famous diaries of Jameson contained, and that I should acquaint the dead man's relatives with the character of the evidence against him, which Mr. Stanley ruthlessly seized and refused to deliver up until threatened with legal proceedings. The children of the world are wise in their generation, and I can quite understand how Mr. Stanley, knowing the *exposé* which awaited him, determined to strike the first blow and scatter charges so heavily about, that when the truth came it might to some extent be discounted. But the 'truth will out.'

I will conclude my whole reply with a little *sum of the Rule* of Three kind. When Tippoo Tib

furnished 400 carriers, only one-third of the loads was transported, and everything went smash as the result. Now, if such disaster resulted when two-thirds of the porters carried one-third of the loads, what would have happened if without any porters we attempted to transport all the loads?

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